Invalid Europe

By Alfred F. Seligsberg

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Some Impressions of Recent Travel

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By

Alfred F. Seligsberg

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TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER

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INVALID EUROPE

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF RECENT TRAVEL

FOREWORD

RETURNED to New York in the middle of September, 1920, after a two months' visit to England and the continent of Europe, with impressions more deeply engraved upon my mind than at first I realized. During the first two weeks after my return I had a recurrence of what I must call nightmares, for the impression which they brought was more acute than that following an ordinary dream. Each time I dreamed that I was in Europe, and was unable to return to America. My consequent distress was extreme, and my subsequent joy was proportionately

great when I awoke to find myself in a pleasant little flat on the west side of Central Park. To a certain extent I am a believer in the Freudian theory of dreams, and I asked myself what previous sensation or experiences could have induced the sleeping illusion which so greatly disturbed and distressed me.

I had left America towards the end of June, most anxious to see for myself conditions in Western Europe, where I had not been since the Fall of 1914, after having passed the first months of the great war in Paris, the South of France and Italy. From the latter country I had been fortunate enough to travel in comfort to my native shore at a time when many Americans were stranded in other countries, or were experiencing the greatest difficulty in obtaining decent accommodations at fabulous prices. Like many of my countrymen I had for many years prior to the war passed my summers abroad, while up to my twentieth year I had lived chiefly in Europe, where, in consequence

of my father's premature death abroad, my family had settled. My preliminary education I had received in German schools, and I was fortunate enough to become well acquainted with the languages, customs and viewpoint of the western part of the European continent. In fact, when I returned to my native country and entered an American college, my mind and habits had become Europeanized to an extent which would scarcely be approved by the average American patriot.

After leaving my German school and coming under the influence of the liberal thought of Harvard, my views towards German civilization and culture underwent a great change. Not that I failed to appreciate the beauties of German literature and music, the achievements of German science and research, the masterful development of German trade and commerce, the unique powers of organization of the people, and the kindliness, or gemütlichkeit, of the South Germans, among whom I had passed a

large part of my childhood. But I was commencing to realize an aversion, which had been gradually developing during the later period of my sojourn in Germany, to certain features of German life and civilization. Above all was I antagonized by the growing ascendancy of the military caste, which was evident even to the perception of a child by the attitude of the officer class in public places. Nor did I fail to perceive as a youth the autocratic and bureaucratic methods of government which excluded all but a few privileged classes from participation in public affairs, a topic which in our little American household was one of almost daily discussion.

My subconscious aversion to these matters was aggravated, and, so to speak, crystallized by an incident which is as fresh in my mind today as if it had happened yesterday. My mother was denounced to the authorities by a discharged butler of having indulged at the family table in condemnation of certain repres-

sive measures promulgated by Bismarck; and only the fact of our American citizenship saved her from arrest and prosecution. My whole being was so influenced by this incident that, although I still retained my love for German literature and music, I avoided, for more than twenty years prior to the outbreak of the war, going to Germany unless compelled to do so for a short visit by the exigencies of business or private affairs. It happened, therefore, that for many years before 1914 my summers were spent in England, France, Italy and Switzerland, and, strange to say, despite my German name, and despite the fact that my family, though not of Teutonic blood, had lived for centuries in Germany, I became in my personal friendships, business connections and artistic associations to a large extent Latinized.

I must beg the reader's indulgence for making this slight personal digression, and for mentioning events in my own life which are quite unimportant and inconsequential except to my-

self. I am doing so simply in order to furnish a background to the mental picture which I had formed of Europe, and which to a certain extent would color my own views. I sailed for England in the early summer of 1920, thoroughly convinced by the various newspaper reports and articles, as well as by the comments of certain travellers with a reputation for sobriety of statement, that I should find Europe in a more or less demoralized state, that even in its superficial aspects it would be greatly changed, and that things would be much less agreeable than they had been before the war. But I found it far less changed outwardly than I had expected, and social life, especially on the surface and as it affected the traveller and visitor, seemed very little different from what I had found it before the great war.

Above all, the American traveller especially tender of his own material comfort is likely to be agreeably surprised; he will be disposed to wonder at the reports he has read of European

desolation, destruction, poverty and disease. Especially will he recognize, as he has never recognized before, the omnipotence of the dollar. The exchange value and strength of American currency are such that no matter where the American wanders in Europe he carries with him something almost as magical as Aladdin's lamp or Ali Baba's "Open Sesame." The power of the dollar may be, and is, considerably less in England than it is in France, Italy and especially in Germany and Austria. But, no matter where he goes in Europe, he is enabled through the strength of his currency to obtain all the comforts and, indeed, almost all of the luxuries he may desire, and at far less cost than in his own country; and in some parts he can almost live upon his exchange, so to speak. Thus it is that at first he is compelled to think that affairs cannot possibly be as bad in Europe as they have been painted, for naturally he regards things as he finds them him-

self, and not as they influence the lives of others.

It simply comes to this, that if you have the wherewithal, that is the purchasing power, there is probably no part of Europe where you cannot get practically all you want, for there is no country where there is an utter absence of those things which make up one's daily needs and which contribute to one's comfort. Even the average middle-class American of modest means will find himself almost a plutocrat when he exchanges his dollar draft for the currency of whatever European country he may be visiting. He might well be tempted in the circumstances into extravagances of which he would not dream under normal conditions. Plainly stated it means that if you have the money you can live as well in most countries of Western Europe today as you could before the war. The hotels are as spacious and luxurious as ever; the restaurants are as glittering and gay, and present attractive and ample menus for the most

part; the health resorts and watering places are as beautiful and well cared for, and offer the old allurements. The theatres are not much less attractive, although there is some falling off in the performances; the racecourses, the casinos and cabarets are, if anything, more crowded than before the war, and there is a recrudescence of frenzied, feverish gambling, the inevitable reaction from the years of war; and one thing which the war could not change is the delightful European climate, free from excessive heat and bright with sunshine. The crops are plentiful, and the famous vintages of France and Italy even more enticing than of yore to the palates of the victims of prohibition.

Being somewhat of an Epicurean, I am free to confess that I enjoyed most of the attractions, æsthetic and material, which Europe was able to offer, especially during the last three weeks of my stay on the Continent, which were spent partly on the picturesque shores of the Bay of Biscay, and partly in the rugged fast-

nesses of the Eastern Pyrenees, which I found especially and peculiarly charming.

Why then, I asked myself, should I return to America to be tormented by such a nightmare as I have described? It is true that I realized that certain phenomena of European life saddened me—the evidences, too often apparent, of the fearful struggle which had laid waste some of the fairest spots in France and Italy, taken toll of so many millions of lives, and filled the existence of the living with sorrow and desolation. Still this hardly accounted for the very real and actual distress which gripped me in the helplessness of my dream, and for the joyful relief with which I awoke. Again I asked myself what had impressed my subconscious self more than anything else, and was likely to cause the sense of fear that I could not return to America? Suddenly it came to me in the happiness and peacefulness of American life, in the sense of brotherliness and friendship which I found among my fellow citizens,

and which almost unconsciously I had missed in my travels through Europe.

The European Continent today is a seething hell of hate; life is oppressed by a pall of vindictiveness and mutual distrust. Wherever one goes each country seems to hate some other country. The French hate the Germans and distrust the English. The Germans above all hate the French and Poles, and fear the English. The Italians have all their old distrust and dislike of the Austrians, and hate the Jugo-Slavs, while they bitterly resent the lack of gratitude of the French, and feel that the Allies in general have ill-repaid their sacrifices.

It is this atmosphere of hate and distrust which pervades the entire continent, and which subconsciously oppresses your very being, making you aspire towards a freer, purer air, where you may breathe without absorbing the contaminating and soul-destroying influences of suppressed vindictiveness.

However much, then, one may be disposed to

deprecate the usual bombastic references to the land of the free, and to God's own country, one cannot help heaving a deep sigh of relief on returning to a civilization which is, at any rate, free from the fearful antagonisms and the sullen suspicions which are now consuming the soul of Europe.

I. England

AT no time has the difference between English and Continental civilization been more apparent than today. Britain should not be regarded as a part of the European continent either geographically or spiritually. The glorious isolation which was her ancient boast, and which was largely her defence during the war, remains one of England's strongest bulwarks, and sustains her as part of that civilization which is the hope of the world for the immediate future. In spite of all superficial differences, never have American and English civilizations been more closely in accord than they are today. Whatever differences exist between the two countries are due rather to geographical conditions and historical developments than to any real disparity in life and

thought. Fundamentally, social life and intercourse and the broad attitude towards the rights of man are the same in both countries.

In describing the conditions prevailing in European countries too much stress has, I think, been laid by certain newspaper correspondents on such things as the cost of living, overcrowded houses and hotels, darkened streets due to the dearth of fuel, and the absence of the old amenities. All these conditions, while sometimes not as bad as reported, though bad enough, are transitory. They are part of the inevitable aftermath of the war, of five years of superhuman effort which has sapped, if not exhausted, the strength of mankind, stemmed the slow and ordered process of humanity, destroyed idealism and disturbed the economic and social equilibrium of human existence. But, I repeat such conditions are transitory and sometimes more superficial than real. One must dig deeper in order to find those fundamental conditions which determine a country's

true state of health. The permanent consequences of the war and a country's prospect of recovery cannot be judged by transitory phenomena, but are predicated largely upon basic causes, such as the geographical situation of the country, the physical strength and the moral fibre of its people. Such factors will ultimately determine a nation's will and ability to recuperate, to restore that which has been physically destroyed, and to rebuild the social and political fabric; to make good the loss in human material and to repair the damage to psychic ideals; in other words, to find again the path of peaceful progress and to regain dynamic force and speed.

Examining these underlying conditions in England one will find that they are surprisingly sound. Above all, she has freed herself from that incubus of hatred which burdens the mind of peoples in time of war. Of course, there is still an undercurrent of bitterness towards the Germans, chiefly on account of their methods

of fighting, and their abuse of hospitality prior to the war, when they availed themselves of the proverbial freedom and lack of suspicion of Englishmen to fill the country with spies and betrayers. This bitterness has recently manifested itself in regard to the attempted rapprochement between certain Oxford professors and those of German universities, which the *Times* and others seem to regard as untimely, especially in view of German impenitence. But the spirit of English sportsmanship induces the people, now as always, to give the beaten foe a chance. England is unwilling to be a party to any attempt to suppress the legitimate development of Germany along the lines of free commerce and fair opportunity. This attitude is not only the result of fairness, but also comes from the conviction that a reconstruction of the world's intellectual and economic machinery is only possible by and with the inclusion and coöperation of Germany.

Even the most casual observer must be im-

pressed with the firm and determined will of the English people to recover whatever ground has been lost through the war, and, wherever possible, to convert that loss into a gain. Indeed, during the war England made a big effort throughout the world to secure the commerce which Germany had lost as the result of the blockade. Herein was shown remarkable prevision, not only in taking ultimate victory for granted, but in making the fullest possible preparation for it. The existing conditions of trade between England and South America are in themselves proof of British wisdom, energy and timely preparation. All that Germany has lost England has gained, and more. The only formidable rival which she has found in South America is the United States. In meeting this competition England, of course, has one great advantage. Up to the outbreak of the war, despite the determined and threatening competition of Germany—which there was no attempt to fight fiscally by duties, bounties or

subsidies—England led the world commercially. London was the financial center of the world, by reason of its well-established system of international banking. The British pound sterling was the unit of monetary value the world over, and the far-reaching English system of international trade and bill discounting made London the center or clearing house of commercial transactions in the form of acceptances and credits.

London long ago acquired an intimate knowledge of all the ramifications of foreign trade, of the standing of the different countries and their governments, and of the reliability of their principal financial institutions and firms. The English banker or merchant before the war was a real cosmopolitan, in constant contact through the cable and correspondence, and often personally, with the bankers, merchants and traders the world over. He had his finger on the financial and commercial pulse of every

country with which he had intercourse and dealings.

The question of banking credit is always more or less a personal one, and the English banker generally had a very good idea as to the standing of those with whom he was dealing; he knew just where he would be justified in giving credit and where it would be wise to refuse it. But lately he has lost a monopoly of this knowledge and its corresponding opportunities and advantages, for a formidable competitor has come into the field. Of course, I refer to the United States, practically the only other country which can make a bid for the commerce of the world. Nevertheless the London banker or exporter still finds himself in the enviable position of having, through the knowledge and experience acquired by generations of predecessors, a big start over his New York competitor, who, so to speak, has to begin at the bottom and lay the foundations of his international trade.

There is yet another advantage on the side of England which cannot be gainsaid. London is more favorably situated geographically to finance the world's trade. Europe and, of course, the wide stretching overseas dominions and dependencies of Britain turn naturally to London for the completion of the details of large and complex financial transactions. The average trader the world over has been so accustomed to look to London that it is difficult for him to turn his eyes elsewhere and adapt himself to different financial standards and methods in connection with his trade acceptances, discounts and credits. It will take a great deal of effort on the part of New York bankers to wean the world of the habit of thinking in pounds and to induce it to think in dollars. Nevertheless the British banker fully realizes that the large finances of the world, in the shape of international loans, will have to be negotiated, for the time at least, in New York, since America is the only country with sufficient

capital to make huge advances or establish big foreign credits. All the same, England will put up a strong fight for its supremacy as an exporter and a financier of international trade.

The sagacity and cool judgment of the English financier are observable in another direction. While England undoubtedly will make a bid for Russian trade, and is already establishing herself in a position to act promptly and efficiently when normal conditions are resumed, it realizes that Germany has not only the best geographical situation in regard to Russia, but has also a distinct advantage over other countries in having acquired, through at least a generation of experience, knowledge of Russia's real needs; and that, having lost her colonies and the bulk of her shipping trade with foreign countries, Germany must naturally look to Russia as an outlet. The only possible opportunity for Germany today is in the direction of the East, overland, and England is willing to let her have a fair chance in that direction,

that is, of course, so long as she refrains from political intrigue and any attempted coalition for future offensive purposes.

On the whole, England's commercial position and outlook seem most favorable, once she has got over the internal troubles which she would appear to regard much more calmly and philosophically than those who look at them from a distance. This should not make one forget the staggering burden of debt and current expense which the country is shouldering. I admit that I was astonished to observe the irrepressible cheerfulness with which the Englishman pays his taxes. While the indirect taxes, in the shape of customs and excise, are heavy enough in all conscience, the income tax is positively enormous, especially on moderate incomes. It is true that the percentage of the tax on very large incomes is not so large as it is in the United States; but after all there are very few such incomes in England, as compared with this country, and the burden which

is laid on English millionaires is only borne by a very few individuals. Take, however, what may be called the moderately large income of $50,000. It is taxed in England more than double, and nearly treble, what it is in this country. It is positively stimulating, if I may be allowed to say so, to see the cheerfulness with which the Englishman goes on paying his cost of the war, instead of attempting to cast the burden on posterity. And he has been doing this from the very commencement of the conflict. The manner in which England has financed the war by paying a large part of the cost through direct taxation, rather than by means of loans, has not only given the Englishman confidence in his ability to meet his financial obligations, but has inspired similar confidence throughout the world.

Of course England has other troubles than those which are financial. Above all is the labor situation. But we should remember that this is not peculiar to Great Britain. Every

country, where there is a highly developed industrial organization, has its labor difficulties, notably the United States, Germany and Northern Italy. We hear a great deal of the comparative freedom from labor troubles of France. This is due to the fact that France is above all an agricultural country, made up very largely of small landholders and a frugal and industrious peasantry, while its industries are not as large or as highly organized as those of other countries. In France we still have the individual artisan, who very often is a specialist and artist at his work. Labor in the mass is only to be found at a few centers, such as the coal mines of the Pas-de-Calais, the textile industries of northern France, the silk industry of Lyons, the glove-making of Grenoble, the porcelain of Limoges, and the steel industry of Central and Eastern France. But, as I have said, France has no great manufacturing industries comparable with those of the United States, Great Britain or Germany.

This, however, is to digress. Reverting to England, the labor question occupies the public mind before anything else, but although the situation was regarded as menacing during my visit, and increased in gravity after I left, I doubt not that the Government and the people will find a way out without any serious *bouleversement.*

A good illustration of the difficulties with which England is beset came within my own experience before I set foot in the country. I left New York at the end of June, 1920, on board a British steamer. As we were steaming down the bay, I noticed that the vessel was going very slowly, and, as I learned, at half speed. At the Quarantine Station we were delayed more than six hours, the reason being that about a dozen English stokers had succumbed to the superior attractions of American wages, and had deserted at the last moment. The consequence was that the agent of the line had to scour the city for substitutes, who were

found with no little difficulty. These newly-engaged men had to be brought to the Quarantine Station for embarkation, together with a delegate of the New York Stokers' Union, and the unfortunate captain, in addition to the responsibilities and anxieties of navigating his ship, had to contend with the problem of paying his new hands the higher wages demanded by the Stokers' Union, and at the same time pacifying the English stokers who had stuck to their job, and were in receipt of considerable less money than the newly engaged men. This was only one of many evidences I came across of the changed situation with respect to labor and capital.

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Leaving questions of economics and finance, it is worth while to glance at the social conditions of England. We were constantly hearing during the recent conflict that things could never be the same again, and certainly the war

has been a great leveller even in that most conservative of countries, where custom and tradition stood for so much, and where class distinctions prevailed to such a large extent. It has certainly lessened that almost reverential regard for rank and social and titular distinctions which once existed. A man to be highly regarded in England today must have a good deal more than birth and money. People ask what he has done rather than who he is, and gauge his intrinsic value, instead of judging him by externals. There is also a certain change apparent in the manners of the mass of the people. The former somewhat reserved and dignified mien of the average Britisher has given way to a more brusque and less courteous demeanor. The same thing is apparent in another social stratum, that is the domestic or servant class.

I was going to say that one misses the deferential attitude of those who attend to one's needs, not only in private houses, but in

hotels, restaurants and railway stations. This class displays a more assertive, if not less polite and willing manner. To the average American the change is not unwelcome, for we as a people are accustomed to more or less informal intercourse with subordinates and employees, while our domestic servants often become a good deal more than household attachés and drudges. I am aware that in England there was a very distinct class of domestic servants who were the friends as well as the attendants of those who employed them. This applied to the great houses, especially in the country, where the servants were usually born upon the estate even unto the third and fourth generation. They were as proud and jealous of the family traditions as the head of the house, and often more so, and theirs was the very perfection of personal service and devotion. But the war claimed a great number of these, of both sexes, as it did of all other classes, and the exquisitely ordered life of the English country house is,

I am told, passing away. Certainly my own experience and observation convinced me during my stay in England that the war had brought great social changes, and none more apparent in the small affairs of daily life and intercourse than in the manners and service of domestic, hotel and restaurant attendants.

Another noteworthy change is that which is evident in the outward appearance of the Englishman. Once he had the reputation, rightly or wrongly, of being the best dressed man in the world, of wearing better clothes of better cut and better material than his fellows in other countries. It was easy enough before the war to gauge an Englishman's social class and condition by the cut and style of his clothes. Not so now. Outside of a very few smart city men and West End dandies, the high hat has disappeared from the streets, and with it the morning coat, or, as we call it, the cutaway. This fact, trivial in itself, to my mind shows that the average Britisher is far less attentive

than he used to be to external trappings and sartorial details which tended to assert his position in the social scale. He regards clothes today more as a necessity than an adornment, and he wears a business suit of easy cut and a soft hat where once he would have been horrified at the thought of appearing in anything but the silk or plug hat and the frock or morning coat. It is a sign of the times not to be ignored, showing that convention and tradition play a much less important part in the social life of England than they used to.

On the whole life in London is fairly unchanged. The streets are less brilliant, owing to the almost complete absence of the former splendid equipages of the aristocracy, and even the smart set are not so well dressed, although in the big hotels and restaurants like the Carlton and the Savoy the dinner hour still displays an assemblage of brilliant-looking English women perfectly turned out, or at any rate wearing their clothes with that easy dis-

tinction which is given to the women of few other countries. The street traffic seemed tame beside that of New York; the thoroughfares are not like Fifth Avenue in the afternoon and Broadway at night, compact with human beings; and there is nothing like the continuous procession of splendid automobiles that we witness here. Compared with Paris, London still seems immense and overwhelming, but New York easily tops them both, and has taken first place in population, wealth and boundless activity. I also observed on my return that the New Yorker had superseded the Britisher sartorially, and is, on the whole, a much better dressed man; while as for the women, nowhere else in the world can such varied, bewildering and well-clad beauty be seen, no matter where one may stray on Manhattan Island.

II. France

CROSSING the Channel and arriving in France one immediately realizes that a great change has taken place. In England the old gold sovereign and half sovereign have disappeared, and a man has no longer any use for the sovereign purse which he kept at the end of his chain, those coins having been replaced by one pound and ten shilling notes. Nevertheless, there is still an abundance of small change. The half crown, the two shilling piece, the shilling, the sixpence and coppers, as of old, circulate easily and abundantly, the only trouble being that, as prices are higher, you have to carry more of these coins about with you, and their weight is apt to be burdensome and their bulk a nuisance.

But on reaching Boulogne by the same com-

fortable little packet boat which made the crossing before the war, you find a very different state of things from a monetary standpoint. I had a distinct shock when on walking down the pier I changed one of the new five franc notes which I had obtained at a London money changer's. Stopping at a stall to purchase some fruit, I was handed back for my note change amounting to three francs seventy-five centimes, as follows: Two one franc notes, two fifty centime notes, and three postage stamps for twenty-five cents each! I admit that I was annoyed at such unaccustomed small change. But on a moment's reflection I realized the dire straits to which French finances had been brought when the people were compelled to content themselves with such nondescript and precarious currency as fifty centimes notes and postage stamps. If also one considers that the French fifty centimes note only represents three cents in American money, the position is brought home to one with additional force.

The condition of France in this respect applies in varying and far greater degrees to Germany, Austria, Italy and other recently belligerent countries in Europe. The Chambers of Commerce in the various countries are complicating matters not a little by issuing their own currency in small denominations, some in the form of banknotes, others in metal coins of aluminium, tin and different cheap alloys. Thus you are faced by an additional inconvenience, for should you leave one city or town for another, say fifty miles distant, the money which you take away with you from the place you are quitting will be unacceptable in that to which you are going. One is constantly changing one's currency and small change in travelling about Europe, and needless to say that sort of thing is often extremely inconvenient.

I vividly recall my relief when I crossed the frontier into Spain, and there found an abundance of coins, instead of a lot of small notes and stamps scarcely more valuable than cigar

coupons. It was a very real pleasure to handle once more the good old five peseta silver pieces; also two and one peseta coins, as well as coppers in abundance. As the Western American would say, I felt that I was once again handling real money. The comparative solidity of Spanish finances at the present time is reflected in the literal hardness of its money. This, I need scarcely point out, is a striking reversal of the conditions which once prevailed. Spain, formerly the Cinderella of Europe, and, as Lord Salisbury once described her, a decaying nation, is now commercially more prosperous than any of her neighbors, and revelling in a currency which has a value more than double its French equivalent.

Bad as French finances are, living conditions in France, at any rate for the traveller, do not seem greatly changed. Prices are, of course, higher, as they are in every country, but I found that the fall in the exchange value of French currency is not entirely offset by the rise in

prices. I may add, too, that in countries where the currency is at its lowest, as in Germany and Austria, the actual living cost for an American visitor is also at its lowest. Thus I have found the cost of living lower in France than it is in England, and lower in Germany than it is in France. What the real living conditions are among the poorer classes—which are by no means the laboring classes—it is easy enough to imagine. I heard a great deal of grumbling on the part of the better paid working men, whose largely increased earnings should more than offset the increased cost of living. But it is the professional classes and the clerks who suffer most, for while the cost of living has risen enormously, in many cases their pay has been stationary, and how some of them manage even to exist is a mystery. The one large class throughout Europe which seems to have suffered least is the peasantry, who, of course, exist mainly on what they themselves produce,

while at the same time they are able to dispose of their surplus at excellent prices.

Returning to Paris, as we are most of us still very willing to do, life in that city is on the whole as attractive as ever, though scarcely so brilliant. Like London, the city is poorly lit, the streets are less thronged, and one sees comparatively few automobiles. Nor are the women so well dressed. Still, the little Parisienne retains her old coquetry and undeniable chic. The racetracks seem more crowded than ever, seaside resorts, like Deauville and Biarritz in summer and Monte Carlo and Nice in winter, attract the same sort of people as of yore, in almost the same numbers, and gambling is higher and more reckless than formerly, thanks to war fortunes and the rich foreigner. Paris is trying almost desperately to maintain its old prestige, and there is a definite effort on the part of the authorities, not excepting the Government, to attract and entertain the traveller and to separate him from his

money on the same old lines, enticing him by the old allurements, æsthetic, gastronomic and sexual.

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Turning to the other side of the picture, and examining underlying conditions, one finds they are distinctly less favorable in France than in England. France has undoubtedly been most hurt by the war. The French newspapers, inspired it is believed by the Government, have expatiated, and continue to do so, upon the courageous and energetic efforts of France in the all-important matter of reconstruction. We read reports of the many miles of railroad track which have been relaid, the long stretches of roads which have been repaired, and the many hundreds and thousands of houses which have been rebuilt. I saw enough to convince me that France has set about this work as earnestly and energetically as possible, and it is encouraging and stimulating to realize that Government and people are doing their utmost to

repair the actual physical damage resulting from a ruthless war; the work done by individuals in many cases being not short of wonderful. I am afraid, however, that less attention is being paid to a matter which most vitally affects the ultimate recovery of France. To my mind the most serious loss which it has suffered is that of its manhood, and it is much more important that a strong effort should be made to make good that loss than it is to repair railways and roads and rebuild cities and towns.

The greatest problem which France has to face during the next decade is that of increasing its population by the most natural means. The difficulty is enhanced by the fact that for years France has deliberately been the outstanding exponent of the Malthusian doctrine, which it has carried to a dangerous extreme, as for years before the war the population of the country was steadily declining. This, to speak plainly, has been partly due to unsound

private economics, and partly to the self-indulgence and indifference of a large section of the people to their responsibilities as affecting the interests of the community.

In Paris itself the lack of men is not so apparent, as a large city necessarily attracts persons both on business and pleasure bent; and there is a large movement to Paris from the provinces, just as there is a large influx of people into New York from all over the States. But as soon as you get out of Paris you become painfully conscious of the scarcity of men, especially young men. There are fewer porters at the railway stations, fewer male waiters in the hotels and restaurants, and fewer clerks of the masculine sex in the shops and offices. In the post and telegraph offices most of the clerks are women, and in a railway restaurant there is so little attendance of any kind that one has literally to fight for one's food and snatch what one wants.

I had to stay in Bordeaux overnight, and felt

it my duty to make a pilgrimage to that Mecca of gastronomes, Le Chapon Fin, which I feel justified in calling the premier restaurant in France. What was my surprise to find that, outside of two head waiters, the still delicious viands and choice vintages of the châteaux of Bordeaux were served by waitresses garbed in white, like the well-known feminine figures which dispense hot griddle cakes at the Childs Restaurants in New York.

The vital question affecting France's future, then, is the replenishment of its human material. Before this every other consideration fades into insignificance, and it is saddening to the friends of the country to realize that it is not yet awake to the fact. The record of the last two years has been the reverse of encouraging, for the excess of deaths over births has been, if anything, increasing, and that way lies national decay. The question becomes additionally grave when it is remembered that but for the war the young men whose lives have been lost

would be now fulfilling their function as progenitors of the coming generation. The crucial point with regard to the repopulation of France is no longer the continued resistance to large families; the immediate danger lies in the fact that there are not sufficient young men to maintain the previous birth rate, small as it was.

Two elements, however, are strongly in favor of the French; one is the peculiar, almost unique, reserve force which has invariably enabled this people to rise to noble heights in periods of great emergency. The French are a peculiarly easy-going people, careless to the verge of cynicism in matters of ordinary everyday concern. But, when aroused to a sense of national need and great collective effort, they have always proved their ability to respond to the call of duty. I remember the first days of the war in Paris, when I saw the nation, whose lack of organizing power has often been animadverted upon, carry through the mo-

bilization of the army with a precision and promptitude which excited the admiration of the severest critics. The same traits of determination, resourcefulness and devotion to a high cause were manifested by the French again and again throughout the war. The second point which is in favor of the ultimate recovery of France is its uniquely advantageous geographical position. The large stretches of sea coast on the Atlantic seaboard, the English Channel and on the sunny shores of that large basin which may justly be called the cradle of modern civilization, the Mediterranean, help to make it the most favored of all European nations. It is rich in natural resources which call forth the best energies of man, and which of themselves tend to the rearing and maintenance of a fine and sturdy population. There are the rich vineyards of the south and the spreading wheatfields of Central France; there are the lush meadows and pasturages of Normandy, and the many fertile

patches on the hills and mountains which are turned to such splendid account by an indomitably industrious peasantry; and there are the wide navigable rivers; while the mineral resources of the north, east and center, when properly developed, are an assurance of great future wealth. These resources, combined with the energies of one of the most industrious and frugal people on earth, justify hopes for the future, if only France will recognize its greatest and most immediate need, which is the restoration and maintenance of its population at a ratio equal to that of other great and progressive countries.

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French history for the last hundred years presents a curious paradox. When we compare the French body politic of today with that of the ancient *régime*, we find, if I may say so, that the head has changed but that the trunk has remained pretty much the same. The king and his ministers have been replaced by a presi-

dent and his cabinet, the latter responsible to an elected Chamber of Deputies. But, for the rest, the French administrative system is the same today as it was under the Bourbons of old, a wholly centralized bureaucracy, appointed and controlled from Paris. There is practically no system of local self-government in France. This fact peculiarly accentuates the difference between the Latin and Anglo-Saxon forms of government. In Great Britain, and still more in the United States, the smallest political divisions exercise their own executive and legislative functions, and attend to their local concerns through their chosen administrators and officials. But in France a comparatively small group of men in Paris have the power to run the entire country. It is true that these men change from time to time, but even in this respect there is little alteration, and a study of the personnel of the different cabinets during the last twenty years reveals constant recurrence of the same names, demon-

strating beyond peradventure that the centralized government of the country is kept as far as possible in the hands of a small group.

This system is aggravated by the fact that the French government has long had a suspiciously close connection with the French financiers, in fact one might say that the Government has depended very largely on the approval and support of the great banks of the country, whose headquarters are, of course, in Paris. In no country has there been a more obvious and dangerous association between government and high finance than in France. Moreover, there has been an extremely sinister connection in France, and, it may be added, in some other European countries, between diplomatic negotiation and private financial enterprise. With no desire to revive the past, or to stir up muddy waters, one cannot fail to recall the circumstances attending the making of the Suez Canal, the construction of Turkish railways, the Panama scandal, and above all, the

placing of huge Russian loans on the French market. The French Government decided to help Russia, and, as usual, the big bankers and financiers were called into counsel in order to find money for the needs of that country in maintaining a government whose avowed objects and methods at home and abroad were, or should have been, totally alien to a nation whose fundamental doctrines are liberty, equality and fraternity. The bankers readily enough worked up enthusiasm among the many thousands of small investors, who purchased millions of Russian bonds, to their present grievous disappointment and heavy loss. The French banker, in fact, served as intermediary between government and people. What abuses such a condition of affairs may lead to is only too apparent. And it is the Government of France, supported by the bankers, which today is most opposed to the recognition of the Russian government because the latter objects to the repayment of loans raised for objects which many

outside the ranks of Bolshevism, and strongly opposed to that political creed, regard as a perversion of either public or private funds. While some of the French opposition to the present day Russian government is due to a perfectly natural antagonism to the principles of communism, a great deal more must be ascribed to the desire of the investor to protect his threatened interests.

A third member in the partnership existing between the Government and high finance is the newspaper press of Paris. In no other country have the bankers and financiers used the newspapers for the purpose of placing their securities and forwarding their schemes to such an extent as in France. The expenses of any flotation in that country are heavily increased owing to the large sums which are expended in the subvention of the newspapers. These not only include the amounts spent in actual advertising, but are made up of sums expended for what we should call puffs in the form of

editorial comment, or news calculated to stimulate public interest in a flotation. To what an extent the newspaper press of Paris is dependent on this very dubious means of existence is illustrated by the bon mot of the late Henri Rochefort, the well-known chauvinist journalist of the latter part of the nineteenth century. One of his journalistic enterprises was "L'Intransigeant," a four-page sheet, which did not carry too many advertisements or enjoy too large a circulation. A friend asked Rochefort one day how he managed to keep things afloat. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "C'est la cinquieme page," "It is the fifth page." And it is the "fifth page" which still makes the money for many of the French papers, including some of those which ought to be far above suspicion of this sort of thing.

The disastrous connection between politics and high finance is also discernible in the internal affairs of the country. Up to a few months ago the French system of taxation, was entirely

in favor of the rich man. While England and America from the first raised a large part of the national revenue and war funds by means of a progressive income tax, bearing most heavily on the largest incomes, France has only very recently resorted to this method. Years too late it imposed a tax on war profits, after every other country had led the way, and, as a result of the lapse of time, the country will only be able to get back a small proportion of the swollen gains of the profiteer. The larger part of French taxation has borne most heavily on the consumer—the poor man. Everything he eats, drinks, wears and needs most in his daily life has been taxed up to the hilt, and state monopolies of a very antiquated character have been retained in most objectionable form. One easily realizes how unprogressive and unfair France has been in its methods of taxation and its provision for the cost of the war when one makes comparison of its policy with that of England and the United States.

In those countries the burden has been laid where it can best be borne, indeed it can be said that America has gone to the other extreme, and has imposed on the largest incomes and on the profits of corporations taxes of such excessive character that their justice as well as their wisdom may fairly be questioned.

But to resume, the excuse advanced for the French policy of taxation has been the fear of disturbing the financial equilibrium and destroying the morale of the country by means of new and unaccustomed taxes. The Government, owing to the pressure of the bankers and the unwillingness of rich financiers and other wealthy men to bear their fair share of the financial burdens of the country, has been compelled to resort to the more than doubtful means of making up the annual and ever-increasing deficit by large loans at constantly rising rates of interest. At the same time the Government has been disingenuous and lacking in moral courage, for it has withheld from

the people the true position, and raised false hopes as to indemnities which would be forthcoming from Germany. Of course Germany should pay all that is in her power, in order to make good to some extent the mischief she has wrought. But what that country ought to pay and what it can and will pay are two different things, and that is a matter which French statesmen seem unable to understand, or, at least, unwilling to face.

It is but ordinary justice that the sufferer of unprovoked assault and terrible injuries should receive compensation from the assailant, and everyone with a sense of fairness hopes that France will obtain ultimate compensation for its sufferings and losses. But it does seem improvident and foolish for a government to disguise its position and to discount its hopes and expectations by issuing an additional and extraordinary budget, in which it takes credit for problematical indemnities to be ultimately collected from Germany, thus lulling the people

into a false sense of security and wellbeing. To the failure of the Government to reveal to the community the real financial position may be attributed in very large measure the spending mania which had taken hold of so many of the French people. The French are by nature conservative and thrifty, the stocking of the French peasant is proverbial. The American traveller, like myself, during his passage through the country, during last summer was likely to be surprised at the change which had overtaken the people. Everyone seemed to be joining in the dance, and high prices no longer deterred or affrighted. The people were ever so much more restless than they used to be, and were rarely content to remain where they belonged. There seemed to be a veritable mania for travelling in France. The great railway stations and trains were crowded with people flitting here or there; you had to book your seat days in advance and then you were compelled to travel in crowded compartments and forego

the ordinary comforts to which you were accustomed. To a certain extent this wave of extravagance may be attributed to the superabundance of cheap paper currency, which seemed somehow or other to have destroyed the old sense of values. There was a sort of subconsciousness of the inherent lack of value of the sheaves of notes with which everyone had to fill his wallet and pockets. Money had lost its solid backing and substantial power. To some degree also the wave of extravagance was due to the general sense of uncertainty which leads to a dread of tomorrow and bids people live only for today. The same phenomenon, I am told, was observable in Germany in the Fall and Winter following the signature of the Peace Treaty. After the wave of restlessness and recklessness had subsided, the people were left in a condition of utter depression, which is still tragically apparent. Let us hope that France will not pass through a similar experience after all the woes she has already endured.

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There are two outstanding facts in Western Europe arising from the war which have a greater significance and bearing upon the future peace of the world than anything else. They are on the one hand the devastation in North-eastern France and its effect upon French national sentiment; and on the other the sense of defeat and the depression in Germany, combined with the resistance to what the German people believe to be the injustice of the peace treaty, and their bitter resentment against the French, who are believed to be mainly responsible for the harshness of the terms imposed at Versailles.

For the next decade at least these sentiments will have to be reckoned with, and upon their appeasement or aggravation the course of events will very largely depend. In the one case, however, time will help to heal the physical wounds of the war, and to whatever extent this reparation is helped by Germany France is

likely to respond. But herein lies danger, for while Germany can gradually reduce the resentment of France by making good the damage wrought during the war, the antagonism of the German people is likely to be correspondingly increased as a result of the heavy burdens imposed upon them.

It seemed to me that a visit to Western Europe would be incomplete without personal inspection of the conditions which are at the root of French hatred and German bitterness. I had read many magazine articles and newspaper reports descriptive of the ravages committed by Germany and I had seen innumerable photographs and film pictures of ruined cities and towns and devastated areas. But nothing which I had read or seen conveyed more than a faint impression of the reality. I may add at this moment that I had also read and heard much in the course of conversation as to conditions in Germany, but there, as in France, verbal or pictorial descriptions but

poorly convey a sense of things as they are, the reality being far more terrible than can be conjured up even by a vivid imagination. When one sees the stark ruins of hundreds of villages and towns, the shell-torn and untilled fields, the treeless landscape, and the miserable cabins or shanties in which the survivors are forced to live, it is not difficult to account for and excuse the bitter feelings which the recent conflict has created in the minds of the French people. No matter how much one may deplore and deprecate the existence of this hatred, no matter how much you may desire to see the growth of a more forgiving spirit, one cannot close one's eyes to the tremendous and often totally unnecessary injury which has been wrought, and admit that the French attitude towards Germany is only human and the natural reaction of a grievously outraged nation.

It would, of course, in the end be much better for France if a peace could be brought about which would lead ultimately to relations

of greater cordiality with Germany, thus helping to lay securer foundations for the future of Europe and of the world. But I doubt very much whether any other country which has suffered as France has would feel or behave differently. Let us suppose that England had suffered from an invasion which had devastated the fair fields and park lands of Kent and Sussex, caused the destruction of cathedrals and churches and of priceless and irreplaceable historic monuments which are the pride of the country, and also led to shocking and even more irreparable loss of life—let us imagine all this, I say, and then ask whether England would feel quite as leniently disposed towards Germany as she now evidently does? Might she not be even more bitter and irreconcilable than is the France of today, and possibly be slower still to extend the hand of friendship to the invader?

I decided to start at Strassburg and work up in a northwesterly direction to Verdun, follow-

ing as far as possible the battle line from the Vosges to the famous fortress. At Strassburg I took a good look around, and the thing that struck me most was the difference between Alsace and Lorraine. The latter, especially the western part, is French in origin, language and manners. The charming old episcopal city of Metz, lying on the banks of the Moselle, is thoroughly French in its general architecture and especially its beautiful Gothic cathedral, which might stand in Tours or Orleans. There are French names all over, and everywhere one hears the French idiom. The only parts of Metz which are German are the wide streets and parkways laid out during the German occupancy, and the massive railway station, the architecture of which is peculiarly Teutonic. Strassburg, so typical of Alsace, is, on the other hand, German in its architecture. The old streets of the city suggest Nuremberg or Rothenberg, the appearance of the inhabitants is German, and everywhere one hears the German

language in the Alsatian dialect. The Alsatian has a peculiar character. Although he prospered greatly under German rule and governance, he never ceased to chafe beneath what he considered the German yoke. But he is not happy yet under French rule, although undoubtedly he prefers it to German domination. What many Alsatians would like best is that the province should be erected into an independent state, precarious as this position might be. But at least Alsace would be self-determining and self-respecting and no longer the pawn of rival nations.

I started out on my visit to the battlefields from Strassburg. Just to prove my statement as to the peculiar conditions prevailing in Alsace, I may mention that I found that the car in which I was to travel was of German make —an Opel—and my chauffeur was a charming young Alsatian, who had been forced into military service by the Germans, and who had served on the Russian front. He could hardly

speak or understand a word of French, and it seemed a dubious prospect to be guided by a driver who did not know either the language or the localities of the country which we were about to visit, having never been west of the German-speaking districts of his native province. Still, everything passed off pleasantly, with the exception of a few harsh looks at Verdun, where he asked my advice in German about the road.

The battlefields of the Vosges present a truly tragic appearance. The wooded mountains and the lovely valleys at a distance look so peaceful that by contrast the ravages of four years' war when seen at close range are all the more shocking. As you pass along the road you still see striking evidences of the struggle —the Red Cross stations, the wire entanglements, the trenches, and the roadside dotted with crosses marking the graves of French and German soldiers intermingled. At one point we struck a cemetery where eight hundred offi-

cers and soldiers of a French chasseur regiment were buried, and it was saddening to see it clinging to the side of a wooded mountain. It impressed me even more than the large cemeteries which one sees near Verdun, where the slaughter was so tremendous. It was the afternoon of a beautiful summer day, when nature was at her brightest and best, and the contrast of a procession of broken-hearted parents and wives trudging up the hill in the distance, far away from the railway, all of them on the same sad mission of seeking the grave of a lost son or husband, was overwhelmingly pathetic. There are other signs of the prolonged warfare in these regions. The tops of some of the mountains and hills are absolutely bare. We Americans are accustomed to the sight of hills which have been denuded by forest fires, but the sight of some of the Vosges mountains is immeasurably sadder when one reflects upon the terrible sufferings and sacrifices of the soldiers high up on the peaks and

hill tops, far from human habitation—sufferings endured for four long years, with unbroken courage.

We passed through Luneville, and after a night's rest at Nancy started early in the morning for our main objective. Leaving Toul one strikes the battle line near St. Mihiel. The road from Mihiel to Verdun is a veritable Golgotha. One passes village after village absolutely razed to the ground, and you seek almost vainly for any sign of life or human habitation, until you are astonished at finding in some remote corner a miserable little shanty of wood and corrugated iron, where the old inhabitants are stubbornly clinging to their patch of native soil. I visited some of these cabins, and was astonished at the indomitable courage and comparative cheerfulness with which the tenants faced the future. One fact which particularly struck me was that the destruction of their homes was taken by them as the inevitable accompaniment of war. The very victims of

German aggression seemed to harbor less resentment than the French in the uninvaded regions, or even the Americans, who had merely read of the ruthlessness of the enemy.

On returning to Paris I found that other American travellers had noted the same thing, and I tried to account for this peculiar state of mind. I believe the explanation lies in the fact that the personal intercourse between the German soldiers and the French peasantry in the invaded regions was at times more or less friendly, and individual resentment was modified by small touches of human nature; while at a distance the observer judged the situation in the light of cold reasoning, influenced only by abstract ideas of justice and right. I mention such individual experiences and reflections as a distinct exception to the general feeling, the outstanding nature of French sentiment being a consuming indignation and intense hatred, behind which is that strong element of fear for the future.

III. Germany

ENTERED Germany from Metz. To pass from France into Germany is like passing from day into night. Despite the devastation, despite the frightful human loss, and despite the heavy financial burden and difficulties of existence, life on the whole in France is normal in its human relationships, in its hopeful outlook, in its burdens and griefs, and in its pleasures. Not so in Germany. As you enter that country you feel at once that you are among a people whose life does not bear its normal aspect. They are sullen and depressed, listless and almost hopeless. Everything they say and do serves to indicate that they are uncertain of the future. Above all they have the psychology of a thoroughly beaten people. This I know is contrary

to the general idea, but I speak of that which I experienced. I had known Germany in its great days. I had seen its beautifully cared for, clean cities, thronged with an active, happy, proud and prosperous people. I returned to find the streets of the same cities comparatively deserted, their old spick and span appearance gone, while the people one met were sad and almost silent, and there were few traces among them of the old portliness and prosperity, in fact the majority looked flabby and shabby. The very trains which convey you from the frontier are changed beyond recognition. There are no longer the spotlessly clean railway carriages, the ample, comfortable seats, the efficient and smartly dressed conductor. The velvet covers of the seats have been cut away, the Germans say by the returning soldiers; also the curtains, and in their place one finds coverings of material which is a mixture of hemp and paper, harsh to the touch, unpleasing to the eye, but beyond all doubt dur-

able. The leather straps have also been removed and are replaced by straps of a composition similar to the coverings. As you proceed on your journey you see many other evidences that the splendid organization of the country has crumbled under the pressure of the times. While the day carriages are uncomfortable and none too clean, there are hardly any dining or sleeping cars, the service is greatly reduced, and the trains run more slowly, but—a remnant of the old spirit of punctuality—they still run on fairly good time. The stations present a neglected appearance, being, like the streets, not as clean as of old.

One thing which particularly struck me was the comparative lack of vehicular traffic on the streets throughout Germany. During my stay there I do not believe I saw a dozen private automobiles, and those probably were owned by *schiebers*, as the profiteers are called in Germany. The spending wave which had spread all over Germany during the months just pre-

ceding and following the signature of the peace treaty at Versailles, had receded and left the country high and dry. The people seemed absolutely exhausted and discouraged. Nothing in the social life of Germany was perhaps more striking to one who knows the country than the desertion of the beer gardens, which were formerly the gathering places of the people and the scenes of family and convivial parties. The quality of the beer was miserable, though somewhat improved, they say, over last year. But it was still a byword and a shame instead of, as it once was, the pride of patriotic and sociable Germans.

As you sat down to take your first meal in Germany you were likely to receive a severe shock, at least that was my experience. The waiter at your hotel, the best in the place, would serve you breakfast on a table covered with a paper cloth, he would hand you a paper napkin, he would pour out a cup of coffee innocent of the bean of Brazil or Java. You would vainly

search for sugar, but would ultimately find in a small dish a speck of saccharine. During last summer the black bread was still being rationed to the people by the old war system of cards. White bread could be obtained without cards. I tasted both and I am fain to confess that I did not know in either case what I was eating. Whatever you eat in Germany today conveys much the same impression. I recall buying some peppermint "Life Savers" at the railway station at Mainz. They were the usual little white tablets with a hole in them, but that was all the resemblance they bore to the American article of the same name. They were innocent of sugar, although they were sweetened, while, as to peppermint, the taste was ingeniously imitated. The only things one can be certain about in Germany today are vegetables, which not even Germans can imitate. The meat, unless you go to a first class restaurant, and are willing to pay extravagant prices, is of doubtful descent. I would especially warn epicures

against that former pride of the German butcher—the sausage. Humorists in the past have referred to a sausage as a mystery. It is hard to say how they would define it today in Germany. Everything one eats has a peculiar flavor, and you are never quite sure of the ingredients. In the end you become a greater admirer than ever of German inventiveness. The German cuisine of today is the triumph of synthetic chemistry and culinary vicariousness. The reader should not assume, however, for one moment that there is an utter absence in Germany of any single article, whether necessity of life or luxury, which we are accustomed to consume. Everything is obtainable for money, and the American with the exchange in his favor can, without much trouble, indulge all his gastronomic caprices. The conditions which we have described, apply, however, to the people at large, who are not sufficiently rich to afford the tit-bits obtainable through illicit trade at exorbitant prices.

What I have said about substitutes and masquerades in the matter of food can be said about many other things in daily use in Germany. You find *ersatz*, as they style these substitutes, everywhere and in almost everything, and so much has already been written on the subject that further reference to it may be regarded as tiresome. However, when the lack of many of the articles in ordinary use to which one is thoroughly accustomed begins to affect your personal comfort, you cannot refrain from thinking and talking about the extraordinary and unpleasant things you find in their place, and the matter is profoundly impressed on your mind.

I have mentioned the paper table cloths and napkins, and I may say that during my entire stay in Germany I did not see, except in some private houses, a single linen or cotton table cloth or napkin. An English friend had an experience which I was happily spared. Stopping for the night at one of Cologne's leading

hotels, he was forced to sleep between paper sheets! As one passes the shop windows or enters the shops you notice everywhere articles made from substitute materials, such as clothes and underclothes made from pulp, tobaccoless cigars and cigarettes, fruitless jams, creamless butter, leatherless boots, and so on. All these things forcibly draw one's attention to the lack of the ordinary necessities and utilities of life.

The lack of coal is also plainly in evidence. To this is due the fewer trains and their reduced speed. The German people anticipate the approaching winter with dread. A dear friend of mine, daughter of a naturalized American citizen, who is married to a German dwelling in a palatial private house, was compelled last winter to live in one room, as she had not sufficient coal to heat any of the others. I was told by merchants that the lack of fuel is also making itself apparent in the big industries, and is responsible for a greatly diminished production; while industrial progress is also seri-

ously retarded by a scarcity of raw materials and the increasing acuteness of labor troubles.

As to the labor situation, that is only one phase of the altered conditions in Germany, and is indicative of the change which has taken place in the German mind in matters of discipline and organization. Those of us who knew Germany during the last twenty or thirty years before the war were impressed or annoyed—according to our point of view—by the perfect and, as some thought, excessive discipline which prevailed throughout the empire, under which the word *verboten* was the order of the day. The stiff bearing of the German officer, the mechanical regularity of the soldier, the cold correctness of the policeman, the formality of other officials and the implicit obedience of the public to regulations were all the indicia of the subordination inculcated in the German people from infancy.

For decades they had been trained in their homes, in their schools and universities, as well

as, of course, in the army, to do precisely as they were told—no more and no less—and obedience was with them a second nature. But all this seems to have disappeared, and with it, to a large extent, the really beneficent effects of perhaps the most efficient national organization the world has ever known. Certainly the officials are slacker in their appearance and demeanor, and are less efficient, while they are more amenable to bribery. On the railways and in the other public services in Germany you expected something like perfection, and you got it, but not so today. The fear is that in these and other respects the country may go from bad to worse, unless the inherent spirit of the people comes to the rescue.

With the loss of discipline and the absence of the former good order has come a relaxation of the rigidity marking social distinctions and intercourse, a matter by no means to be regretted, for in this respect the Germans were absurd, and the various official and social

grades were innumerable and baffling to all but those who lived in the country. The war, here as elsewhere, has proved a great leveller. The community of misery and suffering, the universal despair caused first by defeat and then by what they consider the harsh terms of the peace treaty have brought the German people together and swept away many of the former class distinctions.

Outside a few profiteers there seem to be scarcely any rich people left. Today it is a question of the degree of poverty and not of prosperity. Taking dinner one evening with some friends residing in a splendid mansion, I admired the surroundings. My host smiled rather sadly, and told me that the ownership of a large private establishment today was not an asset but a liability. He was a man who before the war would have been considered rich, with a fortune of 4,000,000 marks, or, at the old rate of exchange, a million dollars. Under the new capital tax he will be called upon to

surrender to the government about half his fortune, leaving him 2,000,000 marks, and on the income from the balance he will have to pay an annual tax amounting to about 50 per cent, thus leaving for his living expenses a quarter of his former income, and this in a depreciated, if not worthless, currency.

I had to smile recently when I read Captain Tardieu's argument that the Germans were the least heavily taxed people in the world. This is not merely incorrect as to actual figures, but becomes ludicrous when you consider the heavily-reduced purchasing power of German incomes. The comparative valuelessness of the currency is itself a tax. The only people in Germany who are well off are the rich profiteer and the working man—the same classes which have prospered elsewhere. The hatred of the profiteer in Germany is even greater than it is in the other belligerent countries. A French merchant at present living in Frankfort told me of his experience when travelling on the railway

in a first class compartment. The train stopped at a wayside station where another train was on the opposite platform, and the occupants who were working men hurled at the Frenchman the opprobrious epithet of "Schieber" because he was travelling first class, a luxury only indulged in by the profiteer. I had a like experience when making a short trip in a private automobile, and my friends hastened to explain to me that none but a profiteer could afford to ride in a motor car. This was forcibly brought home to me when in Frankfort I ventured to take a taxi. The taximeters on public motor cabs have not been changed in Germany, and the fares indicated are the same as before the war. However, today in Berlin you have to pay just eight times the amount indicated on the meter, and in Frankfort I paid ten times the fare shown by the meter. There is a similar increase in the prices of almost everything one needs. When an American pays forty marks for the wing of a chicken he figures that he is

only paying sixty cents in his own currency, and is disposed to be pleased with his bargain. But the unfortunate German who receives his income in marks cannot afford to pay such prices. This accounts for the deserted appearance of the restaurants, beer gardens and other public resorts. The German today must stay at home and live strictly according to his pocket book, and exactly how he does it he alone knows.

On one occasion I entertained two guests at a restaurant, one of whom was a German woman and the other French. We each had a pork chop, which I found on looking at the check cost eighty-one marks. Before the war a pork chop would have cost about three marks. For a bottle of inferior Rhine wine, which would have cost about four marks a few years ago, I paid forty marks, and so on through the menu. For some little antique embroidered bags, which before the war might have cost as much as 150 marks apiece, I paid 2500 marks! These few but salient examples serve to show

the general trend of prices, and demonstrate the problem by which the Germans are faced. Small wonder that they are discouraged and depressed.

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One of the most important questions in Germany today is whether there is a real and abiding change in the political spirit of the country. I think that this may be safely answered by a distinct affirmative. To commence, barring a small circle of militarists and reactionaries, the people have lost faith in the house of Hohenzollern. The cowardly behavior of the late Emperor has placed the remnant of his supporters in the position of apologists, although the Germans as a whole believe that the Allies have exaggerated his personal responsibility for the events which immediately led up to the war. Nevertheless they feel that he and his family are thoroughly discredited. This sentiment naturally helps the evolution of Germany towards real democratic institutions, and,

although the people regard the present government as rather weak, I noticed very few symptoms of a desire to return to former conditions. The war has taught Germans that if they are to keep pace with the great democratic countries of the world they must adjust their psychology in accordance with modern political thought.

Of course all great changes in the body politic are essentially slow in maturing, except in the case of actual revolution, and even then it is long before a country really settles down to an established political and governmental system. No one can foretell whether or not a reactionary coup may not result in the temporary reëstablishment of a monarchical form of government in Germany. It took France nearly one hundred years to put its present institutions on a firm and abiding basis. There were three monarchical *coups d'etat*, and three republican overthrows within eighty-one years, before the existing form of government could be regarded as permanent; and it is well within

memory how the first decade of the present third republic was shaken by monarchical plots and clerical and military disturbances, all of a reactionary character. It would be flouting experience to expect the current of political life in Germany to continue to flow in its present channel without some cross currents and impediments tending to divert it. Most students of present-day conditions in Germany seem convinced, however, that any serious reactionary movement will only be of a temporary nature, while the character of the people is not such as to justify the belief that there will be a strong tendency in the opposite direction of communism.

In considering this subject one must also give attention to the question of German militarism. That Germany is a chastened and altered country cannot be doubted. I had occasion to travel on the left side of the Rhine, as well as within the restricted zone on the right bank, and also in the unrestricted zone in

the remainder of Germany, and was thus able to observe the military aspect of the country under various conditions. The change from the old *régime* was extraordinary, and outwardly at least there is no country in Western Europe which is less militaristic. I recall only having seen one officer of the old regular army. I also saw some soldiers, but very few, of the new army with the green insignia, who are more like gendarmes, their functions being chiefly those of police. As far as I could judge from outward signs and tokens, and I was by no means casual in my observations, the German army as I had known it no longer exists. No doubt, the old military spirit still exists in army circles and to a certain extent in the population at large. Inculcated as it was by a century of training, it cannot be expected to disappear at once without leaving some lingering traces behind. The Germans, even outside the military classes, have not lost belief in the necessity of any army, and many I know think

that the Versailles treaty has not left the country a force sufficiently strong to cope with possible internal risings and disorders. On the whole, however, the German viewpoint with reference to the necessity of a standing army does not differ much from the attitude of other continental peoples. I remember of old, when I remonstrated with Germans on the size of their army and the cost of their vast military establishment, I was always met with the same argument, namely, that owing to the position of Germany, hemmed in on one side by France and on the other by Russia, a large army was absolutely essential. A similar geographical argument is used by France today, and also by Poland, which points on one side to Germany and on the other to Russia, as a reason for maintaining big military establishments. Unfortunately experience goes to show that armies which are kept up ostensibly for defensive purposes are, at some time or another, invariably used for offense. But although I deprecate the

tendency to reactionary militarism in present-day France, I do not wish to compare its spirit with that of the old German militarism. French militarism at worst is a feeble thing compared with the spirit of old Germany. It is rather the expression of a proud people trained by centuries of warfare. It is also to a certain extent a political and almost cynical gesture, indicative of a conviction of the futility of more peaceful methods. German militarism was arrogant, aggressive and feudal in its character and development. French militarism is mainly motivated by the desire for self-protection, and who shall say that this desire is wrong after all that France has endured? But I do not think that French fears are well founded. While the Germans want and will strive to maintain an army not greatly inferior to any one of their neighbors, I do not believe that during this generation, which has known the unspeakable horrors of war and seen the futility and worse of aggression, they will dare

again to embark on a course such as that which bathed Europe in blood and left a great part of it in ruin and despair. Germany will be long in resorting to her old methods and tactics. She is not only beaten, but she has had a terrible lesson.

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While the question of the guilt of the war is considered by the rest of the world as *res judicata*, as we lawyers say, in Germany the visitor is still invited to discuss the matter. The Germans insist that although Germany assumed the position of aggressor, she was really fighting a defensive war, a war which had been forced upon her, and that, seeing the obvious intention of those who hemmed her in, she chose her own time, instead of being forced to fight when it suited her enemies to begin. It is, of course, the old threadbare argument of the so-called "iron ring" which Edward VII had forged around Germany, which, as was alleged, not only prevented her due develop-

ment but was really an aggressive and threatening gesture.

To anyone who like myself had spent the beginning of the last week of July, 1914, in Germany, and the second half of that week in France, arguments of this nature seem the merest casuistry or sophistry. During the exciting days following the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia I had talked with many Germans, and found that they were all anxious to back up the Kaiser's defiant attitude, and were only too ready to resort to the sword as the arbiter. The French, on the other hand, hoped against hope that war would be averted. The distress of the people was truly pathetic. The desire of the French for the maintenance of peace was undoubtedly strengthened by their realization that they were no match for German preparedness. But no matter how much we may wonder at the peculiar perversion of reasoning which permits the Germans to regard themselves as fighting a defensive war, I believe that they are

really sincere in this attitude of mind. Moreover, it must be remembered that it had been artfully and sedulously led up to and fostered long before the war by the military party and junkers.

Another question which quite naturally preoccupies the Germans, and which is a constant subject of conversation, is the social and economic future of their country. The German upper and middle classes are as fearful of Bolshevism as the same classes in other countries, and it is absolutely erroneous to think that they are ready to compromise or coöperate with the Russian Bolshevists in order to free themselves from the pressure of the Allies. At least this was the situation when I was in Germany last summer, and I have no reason to think there has been any alteration. It will, I believe, continue unless the country is absolutely driven to desperation. While the labor situation is in some respects more acute even than it is in the entente countries, and while relaxation from

the former bureaucratic despotism of which I have made mention has to some extent encouraged the more unruly elements, the German character as a whole has sufficient stability and inherent conservatism to permit the prediction that the country will pull through without revolution.

In this connection, however, we should not forget that Germany is facing a truly terrible winter. The fuel and food situation is critical and menacing. The Allies in their own interests, as well as those of Germany, will do well to pursue a humane course. In this case charity is synonymous with wisdom, and neither begins nor ends at home. I have mentioned the fear which exists in the allied countries of an eventual alliance between Germany and Russia. I believe that under existing conditions this is a practical impossibility, unless the Germans are driven into a corner from which there is no other outlet. In that event Germany might turn to the sociological elements of Bolshevism,

and seek some sort of a political alliance with the Soviet government, but such a contingency strikes me as extremely remote.

I had misgivings as to how I, an American citizen, would be received in Germany. I may say at once that there is hardly any feeling against Americans. I was indeed surprised to find that Germans did full justice to the motives of America in entering the war, and were ready to admit that the German policy had left this country no other alternative. They even seemed ready to admit that America in no way desired or attempted to derive material benefit from the war. The Germans feel, however, that the fourteen points, on the strength of which the armistice was applied for, have proved a snare and a delusion. But many seemed willing to admit that deviation from these points was due less to the fault of President Wilson than to his inability to resist the cumulative and almost irresistible force of allied pressure at the Peace Conference. The only

point on which I discovered the existence of real resentment against America was as to the continuance of the blockade after the armistice. One and all regarded this as an unnecessary cruelty, prolonging the hardships which had been so long endured by millions of suffering women and children.

It may sound paradoxical, but the country in which I found the greatest appreciation of America's effort in the war was Germany. The German people feel that the final effort of America, coupled with the stranglehold of the British blockade, was the real cause of their collapse. Their willingness to ascribe their defeat to these causes is perhaps partly due to the fact that they wish to give as little credit as possible to France. They feel that they could have beaten the French, not only because of their own numerical strength, but also on account of their vastly superior organization. There is also comparatively little feeling against the English nowadays, although the

Germans say that Britain has walked off with the lion's share of the spoils of war, including the German colonies.

But the feeling against France is bitter in the extreme. The old racial hatred between the Frenchman and the Teuton is, of course, a prime factor; but in addition the Germans are convinced that the French are absolutely bent on ruining them politically and industrially. The occupation of the left bank of the Rhine is a rankling sore, and the French troops are regarded with aversion. The Germans are willing to admit that the American and British troops in their country are behaving rather well, but it can be readily understood that such occupation is resented under any and all conditions. The use by France of black troops in the occupied districts is regarded as a deadly insult, while the rather clumsy way in which the French have fomented secessional movements has caused additional indignation and bitterness.

Germany holds, justly or unjustly, that France is mainly responsible for the harshness of the Versailles treaty. All these things, coupled with the conviction of the Germans that they could have defeated the French by themselves, make the character of the treaty a great menace for the future. This is even recognized by many Frenchmen. I remember one of them, who was connected with one of the numerous missions to America during the war, deploring the character of the treaty. He argued that France should either have insisted on a Carthaginian treaty, or have consented to a treaty which would have resulted in the establishment of fairly friendly relations between his country and Germany. I believe his judgment to be absolutely correct, as France is not sufficiently strong to enforce the treaty as it stands without the aid of other countries. The fact is she must either resolve on the destruction of Germany, which is impossible, or arrive at a *modus vivendi*. Many of the

present woes of Europe are due to the inherent weakness and defects of the Versailles treaty. As one result France is seeking alliances with whatever nation she regards as a strategic factor in a future war, and the smaller nations, encouraged by the French attitude, are exploiting the situation in order to further their own ends.

The provision of the peace treaty forcing Germany to make huge monthly deliveries of coal to France is pressing with great severity on the defeated nation. Of course, it is only just that Germany should make good the wanton and deliberate destruction of the coal mines in northern France. Still, when the Germans see not only all commercial activity held up, but when in addition the great lack of fuel is a menace to health and life, it is possible to understand their state of mind. It is, I know, very difficult to hit the *juste milieu* in this as in many other matters arising from the war, and we know that if the Germans had won they would not have erred on the side of leniency.

Instinctively you feel that between two victims of the war, both short of coal, the one which is guiltless should suffer least, if suffering is to be added to that already endured. But, on the other hand, one cannot help feeling profound commiseration with the innocent victims in Germany who are facing a winter at least as dark and cold as any that has gone before.

The coal question leads us to the Saar occupation. The Saar today is under a Commission which is theoretically controlled by the League of Nations, but is actually administered by the French. At the termination of a period of fifteen years a plebiscite is to be held, in which all residents of the district of the proper age will have the right to vote. I passed through the Saar territory on my way from Metz to Mainz. When the train stopped at Saarbrücken I stepped from my carriage for the sole reason that I wished to set foot on ground controlled by the mystical League of Nations. On the platform I asked a group of people whether

it really was the territory controlled by the League, and a young lad of fifteen who was standing by interposed and volunteered the statement that in a few years it would again be German. It was to my mind an illuminating instance of the state of local feeling. The Germans bitterly resent the fact that provision for a plebiscite should have been included in the treaty, as they regard the territory as absolutely German. The only reason for such a provision they attribute to a faint hope of the French of weaning the German population of the Saar from their allegiance to the fatherland. To my thinking the provision is as futile as it is vicious and vexatious.

But the greatest source of aggravation in Germany is the manner in which the question of indemnities or reparations has been treated at the Versailles conference and elsewhere. Germany is absolutely at a loss to figure out her eventual liabilities. A prominent member of the New York Stock Exchange had a long

talk with one of the leading financiers of Germany. The latter, about as competent and well informed a person as anybody in his country, asked the American, "What do you think is going to happen to us?" My New York friend was thoroughly taken aback, and all he could reply was, "How should I know if you don't?" This is typical of the terrible uncertainty and fear of the future which prevail in Germany. I am convinced that the people of the country, who are among the most industrious in the world, will never get to work in the old way until they know the size of the bill their country is called upon to pay, and that an entire population will not devote their lives to the fulfilment of conditions which they regard as so exacting as to be well nigh impossible.

The argument which is used in connection with the coal question applies to indemnities. From the point of view of abstract justice Germany should be made to pay the damage caused by her aggression in France and Belgium. But

it is foolish to disregard the human and practical side of this question. A nation will not work in order that the whole of its surplus products may be turned over to its former enemies, no matter how just may be the claims against it. I believe the Germans are as ready and willing to work as ever, but they must first see that their labor will in some measure ensue to the benefit of their families and of their country, otherwise there is no incentive either for the nation or the individual.

I suppose that these remarks will cause some persons to assail me as pro-German, but I have to risk whatever opprobrium still attaches to that epithet. I may say, however, that my dislike of the Germany of old has by no means changed. I feel as bitter as ever at the manner in which Germany violated Belgium and laid waste the fair fields and beautiful old cities of France; and my whole spirit rebels at the shocking disregard of human right involved in the deportations. I am still of opinion that a

German victory would have set back civilization for generations, if not for centuries. Still, after having seen the German masses in their misery, after noting the physical deterioration of the people who were once as prosperous in appearance as they were in fact, and after noting the profound depression which has overtaken all classes, I cannot help feeling for them a deep commiseration.

When you have beaten a foe in open fight you are willing to give him a chance to rise and recover, and I do not see why nations should not in this respect follow the example of individuals. I am firmly convinced that the world has nothing to fear from Germany for many years to come, and that more and better things might be hoped from her by extending towards her a forgiving and conciliatory attitude. Leniency in this case is, I believe, the counsel of wisdom. A Germany given a fair chance will be much less of a menace to the world than an oppressed and embittered people.

IV. Italy

THERE has been so much misunderstanding and misrepresentation with respect to Italy that it is the duty of anyone who knows the Italian people and understands the situation to contribute to the clarification of public opinion. There is a great deal of resentment in Italy at the treatment she has received from the Allies, and I fear that not a little of it is justified. Italy feels that she was neglected during the war, that she did not receive sufficient food and munitions from those better furnished in these respects than herself, and who had them to spare. In addition she feels that she did not receive proper military help at the period of her greatest emergency, and that this was only given to her after the disaster of the Carso, when the

Allies realized the perils to their cause involved in the situation. In addition there is dissatisfaction in Italy at the manner in which she was treated at Versailles and after, and the Italians realize to their chagrin that France and Great Britain got all the plums and Italy the lemons. Of course the English got the major part of the German shipping and the pick of the German colonies through the euphemistic medium of mandates. France recovered Alsace-Lorraine, had the promise of large indemnities, got Syria, with the probability of eventual aggrandizement in Africa, and a commanding position in Europe. Italy, on the other hand, has thus far recovered only the Trentino and Trieste, both of which she might have had from Austria without war, and simply as the price of continued neutrality.

Italian resentment is especially directed against France, as it is felt that the French have not duly appreciated the immense service which Italy conferred on their country at the outset

of the war. The mere fact of Italy's firm declaration of neutrality at that time was a tremendous help to France, and may indeed have saved the situation for her and the Allies. I myself was in Paris in the days just preceding and following the declaration of war, and can testify to the keen anxiety of the French as to the Italian attitude, and the joyful relief with which the news of Italy's declaration of neutrality was received. I particularly recall a procession of Italians on the boulevards of Paris, carrying their colors through excited and wildly cheering masses of people.

The second great service rendered by Italy to France, was the opportunity afforded her to clear the Southeastern frontier of men and munitions just prior to the first battle of the Marne, and to mass them where they were most needed. In the first days of September, 1914, passing through Nice on my way to Milan, I had a conversation with a French artillery officer who had been stationed on the Italian bor-

der, and he told me that his own force was entirely without guns or munitions of any kind, all available supplies having been sent north to the battle front, and that he and his men expected to leave for the same destination at any moment. Nothing, to my mind, showed more clearly the help rendered to France by Italy's neutrality at the most critical period of the German invasion.

Much has been said in Germany and Austria, as well as in the allied countries, to impugn the motives of Italy in entering the war. In the former Central Empires the Italians were called traitors because they finally took up arms against the other members of the Triple Alliance. The Alliance was at best only one between the Governments, and never between the peoples. The Austrians always hated and distrusted the Italians, and the Italians cordially reciprocated these sentiments, and with good reason. The chief of the Austrian General Staff, General von Hoetzendorff, was frankly

outspoken in his anti-Italian sentiments just before the war, and for years before the manner in which Austria fortified its Italian frontier against possible attack was perhaps the best commentary on the insincerity and insecurity of the Alliance on both sides.

The Italian people never could forget the misery they endured beneath the Austrian yoke. Anyone who has friends in Lombardy will to this day be regaled with tales of cruelty and oppression endured by the Italians during the Austrian occupation. Anyway, the Alliance was only a defensive treaty at best, and the *casus fœderis* never arose, as Germany and Austria were the attackers and not the attacked in the late war. The secretive and treacherous manner in which the Central Empires proceeded in their diplomatic negotiations and warlike preparations before the war, keeping Italy as much in the dark as any other country, clearly absolves the latter from any charge of treachery.

Likewise in the allied countries have the motives of Italy in entering the war been cruelly and ungratefully misjudged and misrepresented. She is accused of corrupt and mercenary motives, and of having held out until she could drive the best bargain possible. The time when Italy actually entered the war, May, 1915, is the strongest proof of the falsity of this charge, because at that time the Russian *débâcle* was developing. If Italy had really wished to drive a bargain she could at that time have made a much better one with Austria, as the Trentino, and probably Trieste, might have been had for the asking, and merely as the price of neutrality, thus sparing Italy the enormous sacrifice of blood and treasure which she incurred by entering the war on the side of the Allies. However material the policy of the Government may have been—and in this respect I am strongly disposed to believe that Italy's detractors have, as usual, overstated their case—the people can be absolved from any such

charge. Like all other peoples, the Italians have their faults. They may be too excitable and impulsive, but they are genuine in their sentiments and ingenuous in their expression. I spent part of the months of September and October, 1914, in Italy, and was in Milan during the terrible days of the first battle of the Marne and the siege of Antwerp, and I can testify to the passionate indignation of the Italian people at Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality and the ruthless conduct of the war by the Prussian army. The Government may have hesitated, and in fact they did, at entering the war, but they were swept off their feet by a wave of popular sentiment which there was no resisting. No greater wrong has ever been done to the sentiments of a proud people than the slurs which have been cast upon Italy's motives for entering the war.

Of course, the greatest source of Italian irritation is the Fiume question. The issue has, I believe, received too much prominence, and has

been exaggerated on both sides. As in most other human questions, and especially international disputes, there is some justice on either side. President Wilson's desire to give the Jugo-Slavs an outlet for their commerce at Fiume was undoubtedly sincere, and to some extent justified. But his attitude and actions were indiscreet, to say the least, especially in appealing to the Italian people over the head of their chief representative at the Peace Conference. In doing this he took his own personal popularity with the Italians—which up to that time was undoubted—too much for granted, and adopted a provocative and tactless course. He ignored the fact that Fiume itself is Italian from a historic and ethnographic standpoint. Here again I may be permitted to point out that there should be a distinction made between the motives of the Government and the sentiments of the people. The demand for Fiume by the former was an afterthought, and was only advanced when it was realized that Trieste would

lose its commercial preëminence if the adjacent port of Fiume was handed over to the Jugo-Slavs, who command the immediate hinterland, and would divert practically all their trade to Fiume. The issue, as far as the Italian people are concerned—differentiating them from their Government—is entirely one of racial sentiment and national pride, and is free from the ulterior motives which certain people are so fond of attributing to Italy in this as in other respects.

It is greatly to be deplored that so much fuss should have been made over the Fiume issue at a time when the liberal aspirations of our President could have been so much better employed with another question relating to the settlement of the Italian borders. If there was one point on which Mr. Wilson should have taken a firm stand it was with respect to the issue presented to him by the Tyrol. Those familiar with the north-eastern portion of Italy prior to the war realized the ultimate necessity of modifying the

then existing border line. From every point of view the retention of the Trentino by Austria was unjust and indefensible. Ethnographically, linguistically and sentimentally the people of the Trentino belong to Italy. Moreover, so long as Austria was in possession of this territory, Italy, from a military point of view, had a loaded pistol pointed at her heart, and was at the mercy of her neighbor. Many of us who have sojourned on the sunny shores of the lovely Lake of Garda, in the midst of Lombardy, foresaw the impossibility of the continuance indefinitely of Austrian rule in this beautiful and typically Italian region. It was a perpetual affront, a menace of the mailed fist, and it was almost as repugnant to impartial foreign sentiment as it was to that of Italy itself. A perpetual black cloud seemed to hang over the northern part of this lovely region.

The frontier line of the Tyrol, as drawn by the Treaty of St. Germain, errs almost as much on the other side. The northerly part of the

Tyrol is absolutely German in language, descent and customs. No people on the face of the earth have made a braver fight to preserve their individuality and independence than the mountaineers of the Tyrol. Their national hero, Andreas Hofer, is the embodiment of their sentiment of self-determination. There could be no more striking instance of the stultification of the professed sentiments of the allied governments to preserve the territorial integrity and to protect the interests of small races than was manifested in the handing over of the Tyrol to Italy.

It is undeniable that the frontier as drawn by the Treaty of St. Germain runs across the highest mountain crests, and theoretically speaking this would be the ideal military border line, as it gives an advantage to neither people. It is equally certain, however, that the linguistic and racial line running somewhere south of Bozen is from a military standpoint a frontier sufficiently formidable to protect both sides in

case of warlike emergency. If one considers how the frontier of the Vosges, and the fortresses by which it was guarded from Belfort to Verdun, successfully withstood assaults extending over more than four years, little doubt can be entertained that Italy would receive adequate protection from invasion without subjecting the Tyrolese to a foreign yoke.

How easily nations seem to forget! The Italians were for years bemoaning the fate of their oppressed brethren of the Trentino, and here they are themselves creating a new Irredenta! No one who has ever passed a summer in the Tyrol and has known its charming people, with their simple faith and loyal adherence to their nationality, can help sharing the indignation to which Lord Bryce has given such forcible and eloquent expression.

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The prospects of Italy's commercial recovery are regarded with a good deal of pessimism in Europe, but it may safely be asserted that the

position is by no means so hopeless as some people seem anxious to assume. It is true, of course, that compared with her associates in the war Italy is a poor country. She has a large public debt, she has a great deal of cheap paper money, and, aside from these temporary factors, lacks many things in the way of natural resources—timber, for instance, the supply of which has been practically exhausted by thousands of years of wasteful cutting. There is no coal, and, barring a small deposit in the Isle of Elba, no iron. On the other hand, the country has a superb situation. Protruding as it does into the Mediterranean, it is ideally situated to catch the trade between the western countries of Europe and those of the Near East. Its raw silk industry is second to none, the plains of Lombardy hum with the activities of many prosperous industries, while the agricultural wealth of the south permits in normal times a not inconsiderable export of surplus supplies of wine and oil.

Withal, Italy has a population which though at present not as active as in normal times is both industrious and frugal. From one point of view Italy differs markedly from its Latin neighbor across the Alps, and that is that its population is not only increasing but is overflowing to such an extent that it is compelled to seek a constant outlet by means of emigration. Being industrious and thrifty, the Italian prospers abroad more than most, and the annual remittances to Italy by its faithful and frugal sons and daughters who have emigrated are an important source of national prosperity. Of course, we must not forget one of Italy's greatest assets, and that is the unfailing attraction it presents to the tourist and traveller, on account of its magnificent and unique historic monuments, as well as its beautiful scenery and climate. Thousands of people are annually attracted from all over the world, and leave a great deal of money behind them. No other country can approach Italy in these respects, and

when conditions once again become normal Italian travel will present its old attractions, and the steady flow of foreign money into the country will be resumed.

As to the social and political unrest, concerning which the American papers were so full in the summer of 1920, while there were many and great exaggerations with respect to riots and risings, all Italians are agreed that their country is on the eve of great changes. The calmest and best judges, however, feel confident that these will be accomplished without revolution. It is not generally realized that for years Italy has been the most democratic country on the European continent. It is a kingdom in name only. Its whole political and social structure is singularly free from social distinctions and caste prejudices and privileges. The discussion of public affairs is absolutely untrammelled, and in the north particularly is marked by a high level of seriousness and intelligence. In this connection one must always

bear in mind the vast difference which exists between southern and northern Italy. In the latter, especially in the valley of the Po and the adjacent territory, the people, including the peasants, have had the benefit of a century of public education; while its industries are highly developed and among the finest in Europe. The industrial and public life of northern Italy compares favorably with that of the most advanced countries. In the south, where progress has been retarded by generations of Bourbon tyranny and clerical misrule, conditions remain primitive and often mediæval. There one finds large estates on which feudal conditions still exist. The problems which face the south are entirely different from those which have to be met by the north. In the latter, industrial conditions are much the same as they are in Britain or America, and social problems will probably be met in much the same manner in all three countries. The large land holdings in southern Italy will present in the future a diffi-

cult problem. But Italy, after all, is not the only country which will have to face that question. Much the same conditions prevail in Spain, and in an aggravated degree. For instance, large industrial and radical centres like Barcelona and Bilbao exist almost side by side with agricultural provinces owned and controlled by feudal lords of immense domains, and not very different in their outlook from their ancestors of the middle ages. I repeat, in this respect conditions in Spain are even more serious than they are in southern Italy, the chasm which divides the upper from the lower class being much wider and deeper in Spain.

This vexed question of large landed possessions exists in Scotland, the eastern provinces of Germany, Poland and Hungary, although the precise position in the last named country since the war is not quite clear, reliable information being lacking. Large estates and a dispossessed, impoverished peasantry constitute an anachronism at the present time, and it is

one which will surely be removed by the coming generation. In this connection France is the most advanced country in Europe. Its large estates were divided into small parcels during the revolution at the end of the 18th Century, and much of the social stability of the country is due to the existence of a prosperous and contented peasantry which owns and tills its own soil.

We need not be surprised, then, to find great changes in all countries where large estates still exist, for they are offensive to the spirit of the times. Their ownership in the opinion of many is much more objectionable than the accumulation of personal treasure, such as cash, stocks and shares, pictures, jewels and so on. When the people are excluded from the soil, they feel that they are the victims of a wrong done at some time or another in the history of the world, a wrong which should be righted today. It is to be expected, then, that the next generation will be marked by a determined effort

on the part of the peasantry of Europe to do away with the old systems of land tenure. The change need not necessarily be a revolutionary one.

It is true that Russia has recently divided the land among the peasants in revolutionary fashion, but we must remember the terrible conditions which prevailed there for so many generations, and the complete collapse of the nation following its withdrawal from the war. On the other hand, a gradual change has been brought about in England by Lloyd George by means of a land tax, the imposition of which at the time made him an object of hatred and fear by the land-owning class, many of whom now acclaim him as a patriot. We must not forget also that an honest attempt has been made by the British Government to solve in a forcible but orderly manner the question of absentee landlordism in Ireland, doing justice to the landlord as well as to the tenant. How economic questions of similar difficulty may be

variously solved is demonstrated by a comparison of the methods by which the problems of Russian serfdom and American slavery were settled. In one country the slaves were freed entirely without recompense to the owners, while in the other the landed proprietors received payment from the state, extending over a period of years. How this complicated and troublesome question of land tenure will be settled in European countries cannot be predicted. Different methods will probably be resorted to in different countries, and possibly final results may differ likewise.

As to the changes in industrial ownership and control, Italians seem to be agreed that the masses will no longer be satisfied with things as they are, or even with a system of profit sharing merely, but will require a measure of control of the industries in which they are concerned. What shall be the extent or form of that control has yet to be decided. The process is in the making, and for the time being no

doubt there will be a great deal of discussion, and perhaps occasionally a certain amount of disorder and idleness. But eventually a way of settling the question in a practical manner will assuredly be found. If in this respect Italy is able to show the way to other nations she will place the world, which is already so largely in her debt, under another obligation and will add to her claims upon civilization the inauguration of a second—a social—renaissance.

V. The Sick Man of Europe

OR generations the Turk has been called the sick man of Europe. He was never so sick as he has been since the close of the war. But although almost in the throes of dissolution, he is by no means dead, or even moribund. His corrupt and festering body, or what remains of it, has been removed to Asia, where he occasionally shows some of his old vitality by the slaughter of a few thousand Armenians. But another and much bigger sick man is now occupying the attention of the world, and that is the European continent itself. We are standing at the bedside of the patient, wondering if he will recover, and if so when. Many of us are prescribing remedies without making a careful

diagnosis, that is, without inquiry into the origin and cause of his complaint and deciding its true character. The disease from which Europe is suffering is a very old one—thousands of years old. If the patient were an individual we should diagnose his complaint as homicidal mania.

Since the memory of man the history of continental Europe has been one uninterrupted course of internecine strife and slaughter. The alleged motives or reasons for war have been many. Sometimes it has been the sheer love of conquest and aggrandizement, at others the dynastic ambitions of ruling families have called to arms nations which had no other reason for disagreeing or fighting. Again, the reasons have been religious—save the mark! and yet again they have been commercial and sordid; while in many cases strife has arisen from racial antipathies and rivalries. However it all may have been, Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall," is able to point out that there is only one period

in European history when there was a comparatively lengthy interval of peace, that being under the Flavian emperors of Rome. Except for that golden century there has hardly been a lull in the strife down to the present day, save for the shortest possible periods, when fighting came temporarily to a standstill through sheer exhaustion.

All races and nations of Europe seem to have been equally guilty. Whoever was for the time being on top, and felt himself sufficiently strong —that is, stronger than his neighbor—would start in, and go on subjugating other tribes and nations until he was made to stop by someone stronger still or more audacious. Whether it was Charles the Eighth or Francis the First of France, Louis the Fourteenth or the First or Third Napoleon; whether it was the great Elector of Prussia or Frederick the Great, or William the First or Second of Germany; whether it was Charles the Fifth or Maria Theresa of Austria; whether it was Phillip the Second of

Spain; or Catherine II of Russia; or whether it was Gustavus Adolphus or Charles the Twelfth of Sweden—all were possessed in varying degrees by the same demon of territorial greed and self-aggrandizement. The list could be largely extended, covering all periods of European history. For the last fifty years the Germans have gradually realized that they were the strongest of the European nations, not only numerically, but also because of their powers of organization and preparation. Led by their late Kaiser, they followed

. . . the good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

From time to time, when they thought the occasion was favorable, they would attack ruthlessly. The reader will probably say that after all Europe did not differ from other parts of the world. It may even be admitted that Europe was better than the rest, but then it

claimed to be the most civilized, and should have been superior to the unbridled passions of savage peoples. Returning to the sick man simile, the pathological history of the patient is indeed profoundly discouraging, and the prognosis is scarcely more favorable, for after five years of the most terrible warfare ever known there are still nations not only ready but eager to resort to arms rather than to peaceful arbitrament, and who prefer slaying their opponents to taking counsel with them.

Up to the last war Europe could freely indulge its penchant for internecine strife, and could weaken its material, intellectual and spiritual resources without fear that some other power in the world outside might take its place. The present conditions, however, are different. There are now great and growing civilizations outside of Europe, and, if Europe continues to follow the old course of self-destruction, they will be ready to take the leadership in humanity and in all those things which make for material

and moral progress. Great Britain, which in this respect must not be regarded as a European state, especially as the greater part of its territories and interests lie outside Europe, and that other big English-speaking nation, the United States of America, are today world powers, ready to pick up the tattered, bemired banner of civilization and carry it forward on the path of peace and progress. The many causes which contribute to warfare in the small European states are non-existent in the United States and the dominions of the British Empire. They are less densely populated, there are no dynastic ambitions and jealousies, there is no greedy desire on the part of one country to profit at the expense of the other, but, on the contrary, they are growing up side by side in mutual peace and concord, and they are more certain that as the years pass the future of the world will very largely depend upon them. The terrible waste in human material and ideals of which Europe has allowed herself to be the victim for so many

centuries will be spared to these newer communities, and who knows if the passing of the hegemony of the world into the control of the English-speaking peoples has not already commenced?

. . . . .

Surely one is justified in asking whether the last war has taught Europe any lesson when one sees and hears many of the things which are happening on the continent. I recall how on the first day of French mobilization, one of my best friends in France, a talented painter, who had passed some seasons in New York, came to bid me good-bye just prior to his call to arms. He was a man of advanced political views and a strong anti-militarist. When he shook hands with me for the last time he said, "Well, we are going to fight, and we will bring back from the war the United States of Europe." I dined with the same friend in one of the Bohemian restaurants of Paris on the eve of my return to America this summer. He had served through-

out the war, and had received both the French and Italian croix de guerre, and an English decoration for distinguished service. His old political ideals had gone, the war had made him a rampant nationalist, and his United States of Europe had disappeared in the smoke of cannon and German poison gases.

And, alas, this typifies the European attitude! The continental countries seem to have learned little or nothing from their terrible experiences of the last five or six years. The diplomatists still speak and think in mediæval, or at least what we consider antiquated terms. Alliances, balances of power, spheres of influence,—all the old terms crop up and the same selfish notions prevail. The Machiavellian code is still the handbook of European chancelleries. The recent treaties have certainly not improved the temper or brightened the prospects of Europe. The Versailles treaty may truly be called a double-edged sword. It was forged by old Clemenceau, the hardness of its steel having

been tempered to a small degree by Wilsonian alloy. France has in it obtained a weapon which alone she is unable to handle. As I have said, in order to enforce the treaty, France must find alliances. But where? The present French policy seems to be based entirely upon the necessity of finding help somehow from somewhere. In order to secure military and economic allies she has given encouragement to some of the smaller nations in southeastern Europe, not only in their aspirations for independence but for selfish aggrandizement. On the other hand, the small nations make France's emergency their opportunity. France also embarks in perilous warlike adventures, as for instance when, in order to weaken Soviet Russia, she turned to the reactionary and now thoroughly beaten Wrangel and helped him to continue his fight against Russia; while she encouraged and assisted Poland when all the other powers stood aloof for the wisest and best of reasons.

Everywhere, indeed, one finds proofs that

the European nations have learned but little, if we are to judge from the actions of their representative statesmen, with a few notable exceptions. The Poles, having for more than a century suffered from the woes of a foreign and divided rule, at length find themselves united, only to forget all the lessons of the past, and are willing and anxious to extend their rule to territory to which they have no valid claim, and in which their people are in a decided minority. The Italian readiness to occupy the Tyrol and thus create another Irredenta is an illustration of the same deplorable tendency to forget or ignore the lessons of the past.

As a fact the European continent politically is in as hopeless a position today as it was before the war. The treaty of St. Germain has destroyed the old Empire of Austria-Hungary, and has substituted a territorial arrangement the wisdom of which is doubted even in France. Heterogeneous as the Empire of the Hapsburgs was, there were in it elements of stability which

one looks for in vain in the new arrangement, or rather disarrangement. The old *régime* provided some sort of protection for Central and Western Europe against the discordant elements of southeastern Europe. We have today in its place a series of small and acutely impoverished states, created somehow to fit in with that famous and much abused formula of self-determination. The Balkan disease, which was formerly confined to the peninsula from which it took its name, has now spread to the borders of Germany, Switzerland and Italy. Of course the structure of the old Austrian Empire could not last, but it was not altogether without its merits, for the Austrians and Hungarians at least recognized each other, while they permitted the Poles to participate in the government, at the same time sternly suppressing all other Slavic elements. But for a semblance of order something approaching chaos has been substituted. Many of the best minds in Europe think that a solution of the difficulty

would have been to set up a tripartite state, recognizing the three racial elements of the old Empire—the German, Hungarian and Slavic—on the basis of the Swiss Republic, in which Germans, French and Italians live peacefully and contentedly under one government.

At the outbreak of the conflict in 1914 we were confidently told that it was going to be a war to end war, that the world could not possibly permit a renewal of such an enormous sacrifice of blood and treasure, and that there would be a general disarmament of nations. What a sad disillusionment we have undergone since November, 1918! How pitifully we have been disappointed in the belief that war would be a homeopathic remedy for militarism! The peace settlement has not given us disarmament except for the Central Powers. As to the Allies and the rest of the world, we get occasional vague promises of eventual disarmament, when, as, and if the League of Nations may so decree. Meanwhile we see practically the whole

of Europe, outside Germany and Austria and their associates in the war, an armed camp, while nothing has been done in the United States, except to reduce the army to "normal" size. Britain and the United States not only maintain but talk of increasing their navies; the Poles and Jugo-Slavs are creating new armies, and the other countries are at least maintaining their forces *in statu quo*. Allowing for the fact that because of the existing unsettlement the nations are maintaining their establishments with a view to the immediate future, it must still be admitted that the outlook is distinctly discouraging. Wherever we look in Europe today we see merely the peace of exhaustion, and not the peace which arises from an honest desire to live on terms of amity and accord, one nation with another. You instinctively feel that whenever the nations recover their old-time strength they will again be ready to spring at each others' throats.

VI. The Prospect

WHAT then is the remedy for invalid Europe? We have been told by many advanced thinkers that the present bourgeois governments are quite incapable of establishing international relations which will make for better things, and therefore that a reorganization on the basis of radical internationalism is the one and only remedy. Such a clear thinker as Anatole France sees the only hope for the world in such a movement. We are willing to admit, and indeed we have endeavored to demonstrate, that the present governments still represent the old ideas. Nevertheless one must ask oneself with much misgiving whether radical governments would be likely to do much better than those which now exist, at least as far as international rela-

tions are concerned? The Bolshevists and Socialists of all countries are willing to fraternize at present, this being probably due to the fact that they are at this moment the exponents of a minority idea and organizers of a class war which compels adherents of the faith in each country to stick to each other. But as soon as the Socialists become the government of a country, and represent the national expression of the whole people, they fall apparently into the old errors of national assertiveness and aggressiveness. The best illustration of this is furnished by the recent history of Poland, where its President, Pilsudski, and its peasant premier, Witos, represent the Socialists. No country in recent times has offended more in the matter of imperialistic tendencies than this very Socialist government of Poland with respect to Russia, Lithuania and Ukrainia.

The attack of Poland on Russia and the attitude of the Bolsheviki toward Poland both prove that radical governments can give as

strong an expression to nationalism as their conservative predecessors. We are likewise faced by the fact that the radical government of Czecho-Slovakia is ready to resort to arms against the Socialist government of Poland, on account of the frontier dispute in connection with Teschen.

The roots of the disease obviously lie deeper than in forms of government, and it is hardly fair to lay all the blame at the doors of the bourgeoisie. The true *fons et origo mali* is to be found in old racial feuds, kept alive for centuries by recurring disputes over frontiers, commercial rivalries and ingrained antipathies. The last, and as many believe the supreme remedy for the European sick man is a League of Nations. I was rather disappointed when I was in Europe to find that the various peoples took so little interest in this matter. The fact is that the European is so thoroughly used to the settlement of international questions through old-fashioned diplomatic methods, and failing

these by the sword, that a movement which seeks to abolish both, and to apply open negotiation, fair dealing and even-handed justice to the larger affairs of nations seems like a Utopian dream. What a difference from the attitude of the United States! When I returned here last September I found the man in the street discussing the pros and cons of the League of Nations with the most intense interest; it was the principal topic of the political campaign, and practically every American was in favor of some sort of international arrangement to prevent war. I felt that I was truly in a new world. It proved to me, if proof were necessary, that my fellow countrymen were not the gross materialists they are so often depicted as being by the European press, but that rather are we a nation of idealists.

It is unreasonable to expect that wars will automatically cease just because a League of Nations comes into existence. The institution of tribunals and courts of law has not elimi-

nated crime, but they tend greatly to diminish it by punishing the criminal; and by inspiring a spirit of wholesome fear of consequences on the one hand, and by attempting reform on the other mankind is led to a better life. The establishment of a League of Nations should have similar results. It would seek to prevent and control recalcitrant and outlaw nations which prefer taking up the sword to taking counsel one with another; and, partly by means of repression, economic and otherwise, and partly through education it would lead the nations to apply in their dealings with each other the code of ethics which actuates individuals in civilized life. An agreement to enforce peace through an association of nations represents the great ideal of the world, and it would be a culmination and realization of the Christian idea, peace on earth and good will towards men.

It is not only a necessity, but the most logical step in the evolution of human society. The development of the spirit of human gregarious-

ness has led from smaller to larger complexes. The savage, living in the woods and knowing none but his mate and offspring, was driven by the dangers surrounding him into the formation of villages, which again developed into tribes, from which still larger aggregates were formed, such as counties, duchies, kingdoms, and the modern state or nation. At each development of a larger sociological organization doubtless the same arguments against progress were advanced by the conservatives of their time. The nobles of the middle ages resisted with all the power they could muster the formation of the larger states as tending to diminish their own power and authority. The whole of European mediæval history is taken up with the resistance offered by the feudal lords to the central power which represented the larger sociological unit. And now we find nations opposing the idea of yielding to a League a small part of their freedom of action.

Some years ago, when reading one of the

books of General von Bernhardi, perhaps the most outspoken apostle of German militarism, I was amused and shocked by the argument that the State was responsible only to itself, denying the possibility of anything ever controlling the State. What a strange idea to be entertained by a thinking person—that anything on this earth of human device has reached a final state of evolution in which not only amendment but criticism is inadmissible and out of the question! Apart from the disappointment and disillusionment which Bernhardi must have suffered as the result of the late war and the overthrow of Hohenzollernism, he should have learned that there is something much higher than the State, and that is the moral idea of humanity, which idea must in the end control the actions of the State. This moral idea, in order that it may be exercised efficiently, should find concrete expression in a contract between nations, just as the State has been slowly established by a series of agreements on the part of the individuals

constituting it. If the conduct of nations in the future is to be regulated for the common good of the world, it can only be by binding agreements.

The liberal thought of the world, and of America particularly, greeted the idea of a League of Nations with the utmost enthusiasm. It was regarded as the only worthwhile result of the terrible war. It offered to a suffering humanity the hope of things better than the world had ever known. Europe itself cannot possibly go on without some sort of a league. The map of the continent has been greatly changed by recent events and treaties. Large areas of the old Russian and Austrian empires have been divided into smaller units, many of them on a lower plane of civilization than the former nations as a whole, and some sort of a power outside must be formed which will be able to control their more dubious activities. Otherwise we shall have once more a Europe harrassed by a continual series of wars between

the little states, with the ultimate danger of larger ones being involved. The most confirmed reactionary would, I imagine, scarcely wish to see a return to the old and hopelessly discredited system of a balance of powers through alliances, or so-called European concerts, whose performances in the past were the reverse of harmonious. An association of nations based on broad lines of international ethics is urgently needed in Europe, not only to protect but to control the smaller states and to prevent the larger ones from ultimately flying at each others' throats.

We now approach the questions which most concerns ourselves—What is America to do in this business—for we are in it and cannot get out of it—what is our duty to progress and civilization, and also what is our duty as regards the protection of our own intersts?

There is an almost unanimous sentiment in America in favor of our entering some form of a League. This admits of no doubt, the recent

Presidential election notwithstanding. The Democratic candidate, influenced by the President, attempted to make the League of Nations the main issue of the campaign. He failed, however, to do so, owing to the fact that the Republican party as a whole refused to accept this issue. The result of the election can in no way be construed as an expression by the American electorate of its desire not to become a party to an international agreement of some sort, whether it be a League or Society of Nations, or whatever other terminology you may wish to employ, looking toward the prevention of war.

That, on the other hand, a large majority of the people of the United States is opposed to the League as contained in the treaty of Versailles is equally indubitable. The political discussions of the subject in the Senate and public forum have unfortunately become obscured by the fact that Mr. Wilson, in refusing the assistance of the majority party, evoked a

feeling of passionate partisanship, which prevented unprejudiced consideration of the questions relating to a revision of the League of Nations as it stands. To our mind the greatest objections to that League are the undemocratic character of its constitution, and the fact that it is tacked on to an objectionable treaty and is designed to guarantee that treaty's enforcement.

The League of Nations as constituted by the Treaties is really an old-fashioned alliance between the five major powers, who hold a majority vote in the council of the League. America can render good service to the world if it conditions its entry into the League on a modification of its constitution which will lift it into the realms of a real society of nations, in which the smaller states can enter without fear of domination by the larger ones. Thus only can the League secure the confidence of the world and develop into a mighty instrument for good. The main objection, however, to it is the fact that it has been inextricably bound up with a

Treaty, the signatories of which are to all intents guarantors of the territorial arrangements of that Treaty, the folly and injustice of some of which are becoming every day increasingly obvious. Shantung, the Tyrol and the Saar are surely sufficient reasons for America's holding aloof, and from refusing to underwrite such disastrous arrangements!

But the Treaty, however faulty it may be, is an actuality; it has been ratified by most of the European nations and Japan, and it is the present groundwork of European reconstruction. No matter how much we may deplore the result of Mr. Wilson's efforts, we are confronted—to quote the words of one of our great presidents—with a condition and not a theory. The world needs peace, every other consideration must at present cede to that pressing fact. America is the only outstanding nation which is still technically at war with the Central Powers, and haste should be made to do away with this anomalous and ridiculous state of affairs.

But America's acceptance of the Treaty plus the League should be rigidly qualified in such manner as not to impose, even by implication, upon her a contingent liability as guarantor of the *status quo* established by the Treaty.

Anyone who has been in Europe during the present year must feel convinced that it would be a mistake, if not a crime, to bind ourselves to participate in conflicts with which we have no concern. This country can render much greater service to the world by keeping aloof from distinctly European quarrels and using its material and moral influence as and when its sense of justice and right dictates. Article X, so far as America is concerned, may, after our last election, be considered as an academic question. No decision of the American electorate was ever wiser, although the road by which the decision was reached may be considered as rather dubious. When the League of Nations is no longer in danger of being used to enforce inequitable and unwise provisions, then event-

ually some arrangement may be reached which will impose upon the nations an obligation somewhat similar to the rejected article.

The history of human society and political life is the surrender of unbridled action in some form or another. The very idea of law is the circumscription of the right of the individual to do as he pleases, and the acceptance of a modified form of human conduct which differentiates license from liberty. Each time that the individual's right to do as it pleases him is further circumscribed a distinct chafing at the new form of restraint becomes obvious. The best as well as most recent instance of this is to be found in the plaints of the victims of prohibition. States are similarly affronted and annoyed by the circumscription of their freedom of action. Again, the best illustration of this may be found in the history of our own country, when for decades the southern states resisted what they regarded as an infringement of their own sovereign rights.

Eventually, however, a way must and will be found to give a League of Nations the power essential for the enforcement of its decisions. But in such a matter it would be best to proceed with caution, and this step, as far as America is concerned, lies in the future.

The English-speaking peoples have a great and solemn duty before them. Of all the nations representing western civilization they are the only ones which have emerged from the recent terrible conflict with their vigor comparatively unimpaired. The continental countries have suffered such serious physical damage, such terrible losses of man power, and such enormous economic disasters, with subsequent distress and disorganization, that for at least a generation to come their efforts must be directed mainly to their own physical and financial restoration. An invalid who is confined to his own chamber, enduring physical pain and great weakness, can hardly be expected to take an active, altruistic interest in what is going

on outside. He is mainly preoccupied by the thought of getting well.

The condition of continental Europe may well be compared with that of a man in a sick chamber—an invalid. It is unreasonable to expect a manifestation of active interest in extraneous affairs and in the great ideals of humanity from nations which are engaged in a painful struggle for existence and survival. The English-speaking races, on the other hand, are still strong and hearty. Their position in the world is sound and secure. Together they should and must take the lead in the movement which makes for the betterment and permanent happiness and accord of the human race. The future paths of the two great divisions of Anglo-Saxon civilization lie parallel with each other, and there is no reason why they should ever cross. One cannot expect two great peoples to agree on every conceivable point. Members of the same family are rarely unanimous. Brothers and sisters have their petty quarrels

and disagreements, but, unless they are very unkind or ill-conditioned folk, those disagreements rarely become violent. Nations, representing vastly larger interests, must necessarily be faced on occasions by divergencies. But the attitude of one towards the other can and should be, in the main, one of coöperation as well as, now and then, friendly criticism.

From the American point of view there are various questions on which many of our citizens differ widely from the British viewpoint. It is hardly necessary to state that almost all Americans sympathize keenly with the Irish, and deplore the failure of the British Government to effect a settlement of the Irish question. However, we should be fair enough to recognize the immense difficulties which underlie that question, and the undoubted desire of the British public, as well as of many of the ruling classes of the country, to find some solution which not only will satisfy the widely divergent sections of the Irish population, but will also safeguard

the interests of England, which might otherwise be gravely jeopardized. Our great republic can keenly sympathize with the legitimate aspirations of the Irish, and still coöperate with the great friendly power to whose wisdom and fairness we can trust for the ultimate solution of this difficult problem.

If we plead for Britain and America to stand together as joint leaders in the forward march of humanity, we do so in no spirit of imperialism or vainglory, or from any overweening sense of superiority over other nations, which was the motive of all the braggings of pan-Germanism; but because we believe that Anglo-Saxon civilization, having emerged from the war as the strongest factor in the future of the western world, with comparatively little physical or moral loss, should contribute its very best for the benefit of the human race now and in the days to come. Its present duty is to do everything in its power to hasten the day when nations will no longer be willing to resort to the

settlement of their differences and disputes by force of arms, but will gather together in peaceful council for the adjustment of disagreements, with, in the last resort, an international tribunal able and enlightened enough to render just decisions, and, if necessary, strong enough to enforce them.

THE END

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